

JULY
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CAT-MAN

"AMERICA'S MOST THRILLING FAST-ACTION ADVENTURE STORIES"

Comics

10¢



CHAS. M.
QUINLAN

Starring
The "CAT-MAN"
and The KITTEN!"
Featuring
The DEACON & MICKEY
The HOOD - RAGMAN
"BLACKOUT"
The "LITTLE LEADERS"
and the exciting
PERSONAL ADVENTURE!
SECTION

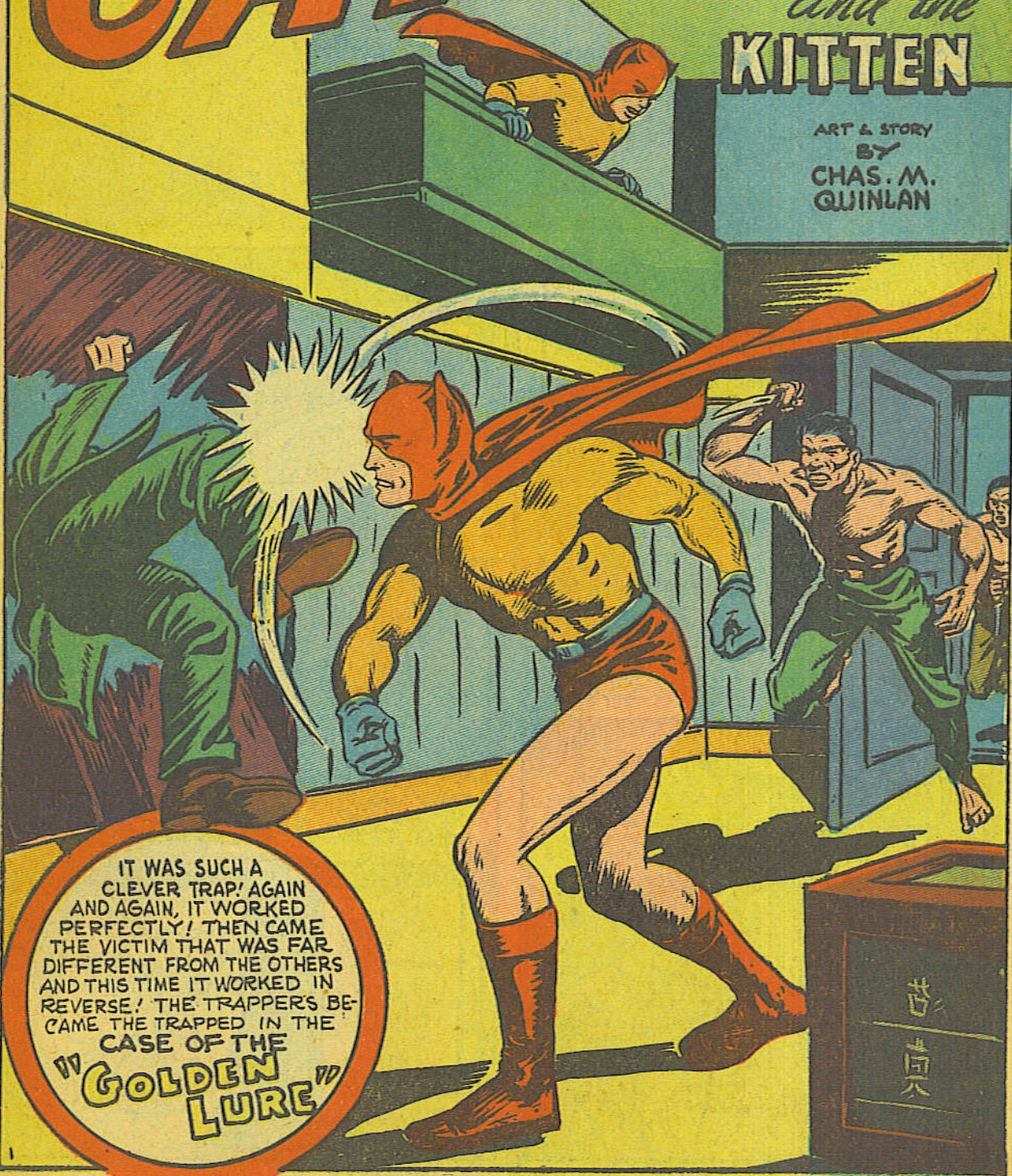


WEB COMIC
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THE CAT-MAN

and the
KITTEN

ART & STORY
BY
CHAS. M.
QUINLAN



IT WAS SUCH A
CLEVER TRAP! AGAIN
AND AGAIN, IT WORKED
PERFECTLY! THEN CAME
THE VICTIM THAT WAS FAR
DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHERS
AND THIS TIME IT WORKED IN
REVERSE! THE TRAPPERS BE-
CAME THE TRAPPED IN THE
CASE OF THE
GOLDEN LURE

AT AN ALLIED ARMY HEADQUARTERS
IN FAR OF AUSTRALIA ---

THIS IS THE SIXTH CONSECUTIVE
TIME IT HAS HAPPENED!..GENTLEMEN,
THERE IS A LEAK SOMEWHERE AND
IT MUST BE PLUGGED!



OUR ENTIRE CAMPAIGN IS IN JEOPARDY!
IF THIS SITUATION CONTINUES ANY
LONGER WE ARE DOOMED TO
EVENTUAL ANNIHILATION
AT THE HANDS OF
THE ENEMY!



..IT MUST BE STOPPED...
AND IT WILL BE STOPPED...
LIEUT. WESTON HERE HAS
SUGGESTED A PLAN THAT MAY
HAVE SOME MERIT...
HOWEVER WE HAVE NO
ALTERNATIVE WE MUST TRY
ANYTHING!



SUDDENLY... A KNOCK ON THE DOOR
INTERRUPTS THE IRATE OFFICER.

WHAT THE DEVIL! WHO'S THAT?
COME IN!..COME IN!



OH, IT'S YOU ORDERLY,
WELL WHAT IS IT?

THERE'S
A LIEUTENANT
MERRYWETHER
TO SEE YOU
SIR, SHALL I
SHOW HIM IN?



MERRYWETHER?...UMM...
OH YES, WE'RE WAITING
FOR HIM-- SEND HIM IN!
NOW GENTLEMEN,
MAYBE WE'LL GET
SOME RESULTS, I HOPE!





WE HAVE ALMOST EXHAUSTED EVERY MEANS AT OUR DISPOSAL TO FIND OUT, NOW IT IS TIME FOR RADICAL MEASURES!



THE SEVERE FIGHTING AT LAKAI YESTERDAY WAS THE CROWNING INCIDENT OF THE ENEMIES SUCCESSFUL SYSTEM OF OBTAINING SECRET MILITARY INFORMATION!



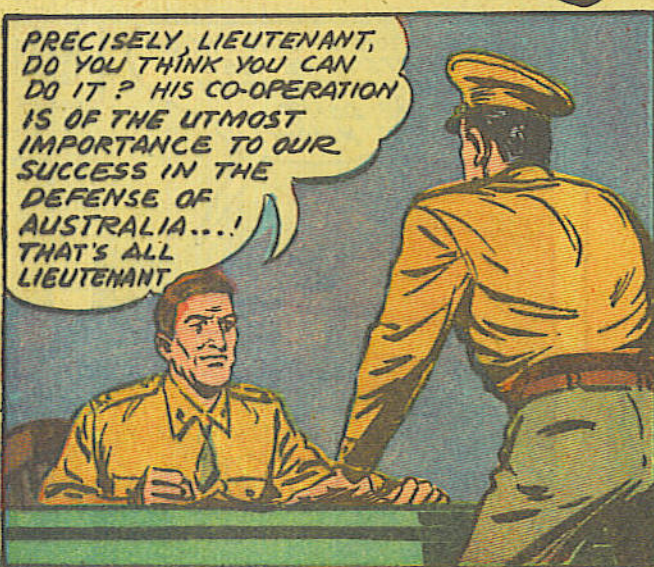
OUR MEN MARCHED BLINDLY INTO A PERFECTLY PREPARED TRAP! OH YES, WE ESCAPED AND PUT THE JAPS TO FLIGHT... BUT THE NUMBER OF CASUALTIES COULD HAVE BEEN CUT IN HALF HAD THEY NOT BEEN FOREWARNED OF OUR IMPENDING ADVANCE!

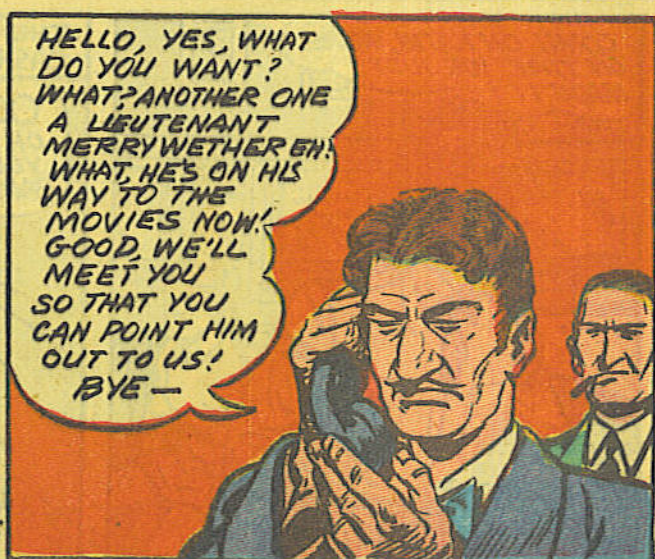
I UNDERSTAND SIR, YOU WANT ME TO ASK THE CATMAN TO USE HIS UNCANNY POWERS TO ASSIST IN TRACKING DOWN THE SOURCE OF THEIR INFORMATION—!

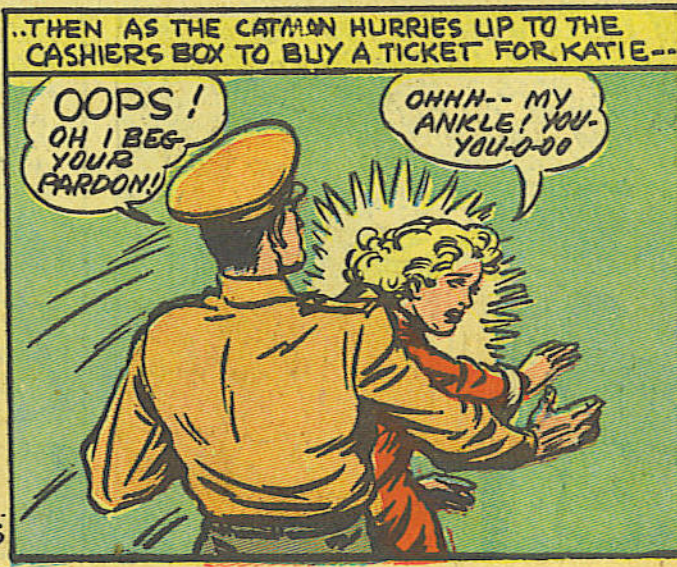
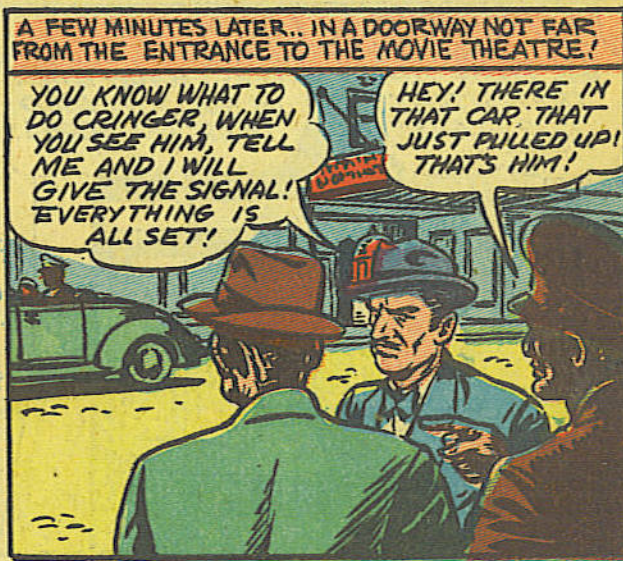


PRECISELY, LIEUTENANT, DO YOU THINK YOU CAN DO IT? HIS CO-OPERATION IS OF THE UTMOST IMPORTANCE TO OUR SUCCESS IN THE DEFENSE OF AUSTRALIA...! THAT'S ALL LIEUTENANT

GENERAL, YOU CAN DEPEND ON ME TO ENLIST HIS AID... AND REST ASSURED THAT WHOEVER IS AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS WILL SOON HAVE TO COPE WITH THE CATMAN! GOOD DAY GENTLEMEN!









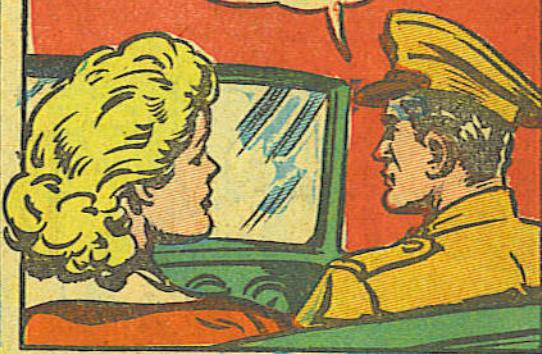
THANKS A LOT, BUT
SAY, YOU WERE GOIN'
TO THE MOVIES--

THE MOVIES? OH YES--
YOU KNOW I DONT FEEL
MUCH LIKE GOING NOW,
I'D MUCH RATHER GO
SOMEPLACE WITH YOU
AND TALK!--



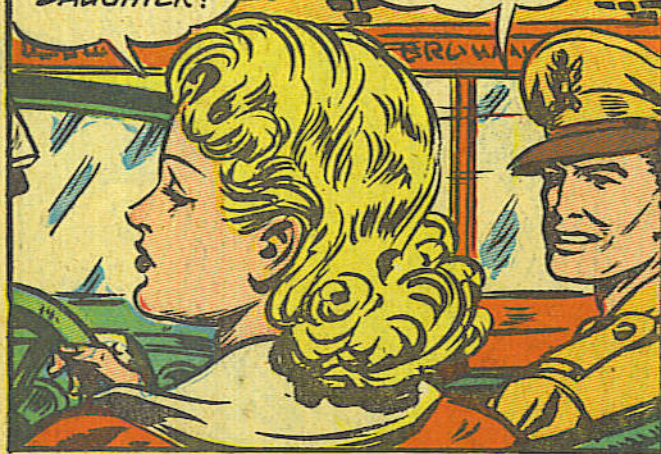
--AND I KNOW JUST THE PLACE--IT'S
DOWN THIS STREET A BIT, YOU'D LIKE
IT! SHALL WE?
I'LL DRIVE!

O.K. SURE, LET'S GO, WE
CAN BE BACK IN
AMPLE TIME TO PICK
UP KATIE--



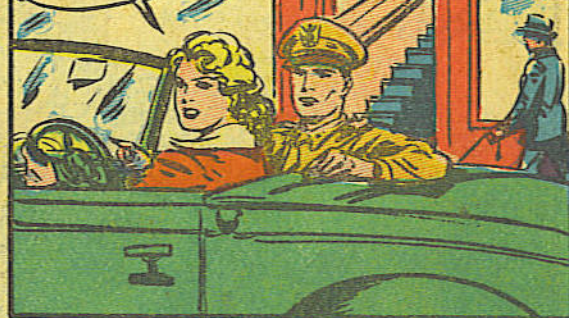
YOU MEAN THE
LITTLE GIRL? OH
IS SHE YOUR
DAUGHTER?

LORD NO! SHE'S
MY WARD, I'M NOT
MARRIED! ---



I'M GLAD TO HEAR
THAT, I DONT WANT
TO GO BREAKING
UP A HAPPY
HOME!-- LOOK!
HERE WE ARE--
-THAT'S THE
PLACE!

HMM--IT DOES
LOOK KINDA
COZY AT THAT!
WE'LL PARK
HERE--



--IT IS NICE! I'VE
NEVER BEEN
IN HERE
BEFORE--

I KNEW YOU'D
LIKE IT!

WELL, WHAT'LL
IT BE FOLKS
WE GOT EVERY-
TINK FROM ZOOP
TO NUTS



I'M NOT HUNGRY,
ALL I WANT IS
A CUP OF COFFEE
AND A PIECE
OF APPLE
PIE!

ME TOO, I'LL--
TAKE THE SAME

HOKAY, DOUBLE
HAPPLE PIE AND
COFFEE, COMIN'
OPP!



A FEW MINUTES AFTER THE COFFEE AND PIE IS SERVED--A STRANGE THING SUDDENLY OCCURS ----!

HEY! WHAT GOES ON HERE? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THESE LIGHTS?

IT'S ALL RIGHT FOLKS--A FUSE BLEW OUT--WE'LL HAVE IT FIXED IN A JIFFY!



TO THE OTHERS IN THE RESTAURANT, THE PLACE IS IN TOTAL DARKNESS--BUT TO THE CATMAN (WHO CAN SEE IN THE DARK)--IT'S AS BRIGHT AS DAY!

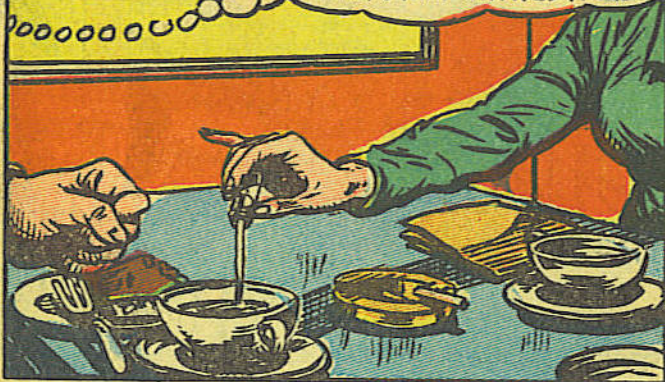
FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE! WHAT'S SHE DOING?



THE CATMAN'S NEW ACQUAINTANCE QUICKLY REACHES INTO HER BAG AND REMOVES A VIAL!

REACHING ACROSS THE TABLE SHE HASTILY EMPTIES IT'S CONTENTS INTO THE CATMAN'S COFFEE!

KNOCKOUT DROPS! EH! OKAY SISTER I SUSPECTED THIS WAS A GAG WHEN YOU RECOVERED SO FAST FROM THAT TWISTED ANKLE!



NOW I'LL JUST POUR OUT THIS DOPED COFFEE AND PRETEND TO DRINK IT WHEN THE LIGHTS GO ON--AND ACT ACCORDINGLY!



SUDDENLY THE LIGHTS GO ON AGAIN!

AH, THERE THEY ARE, THAT'S BETTER, NOW WE CAN FINISH OUR COFFEE! AH THAT'S GOOD!

I'M GLAD YOU LIKE IT.



A MINUTE LATER!

HM--THAT'S ODD! I FEEL KINDA DIZZY AND--FAINT--I--A--DON'T--U--U--OH--H--

ALLRIGHT BOYS COME AND GET HIM, HE'S A SLEEP, AND HOW!



THE BACK WALL OF THE DINING BOOTH SWINGS OPEN LIKE A DOOR, AND THE LIMP FIGURE IS CARRIED THROUGH!

HERE HE IS BOSS!

HA-HA-HA, THIS SYSTEM OF OUR SURE WORKS PERFECT! WITH CRINGER A HEAD-QUARTER'S ORDERLY, HE FINDS OUT WHO'S IN ON ALL THE CONFERENCES...



-THEN GOLDIE HERE ACTS AS THE LURE PICKS UP THE CHUMPS AND DUMPS 'EM IN OUR LAP!... WHEN WE PULL THE BLACKOUT SHE FEEDS 'EM THE "MICKEY" NOW! WHAT A SETUP!



YEAH, BUT THIS GUY WASN'T AS EASY TO PICK UP AS THE OLD WOLVES ARE!

SO WHAT? WE GOT HIM DIDN'T WE? HURRY UP DUMP HIM ON THE BED IN THERE WHILE I FIX HIM AN INJECTION OF MY HYPNOTIC SERUM!



GEE, BOSS YOU'RE PLENTY SMART, FUNNY HOW THAT STUFF WORKS, ALL YOU DO IS SHOOT IT INTO THEIR ARMS AND THEY ANSWERS ANY QUESTIONS WE ASK 'EM.. I DONT GET IT!



..THEY CANT HELP IT, THE DRUG IS TOO POWERFUL! AND IMIST SAY ALSO QUITE PROFITABLE.. THE JAPS PAY PLENTY FOR THE INFORMATION WE HAND OUT! BUT WHAT TICKLES ME IS WHEN WE PUT THEM BACK OUT THERE AND THE DRUGS WEAR OFF, AND GOLDIE TELLS 'EM THEY HAD A FAINTING SPELL AND SHE ESCORTS THE DUMB GOOFS HOME! HA-HA HA-HA-HA!

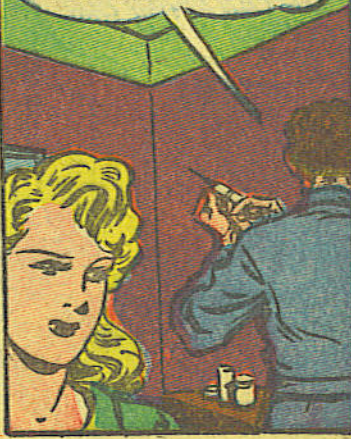


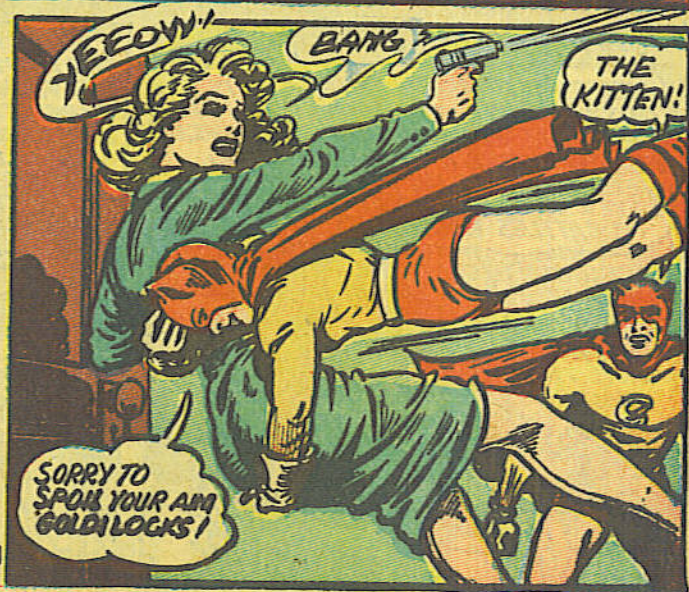
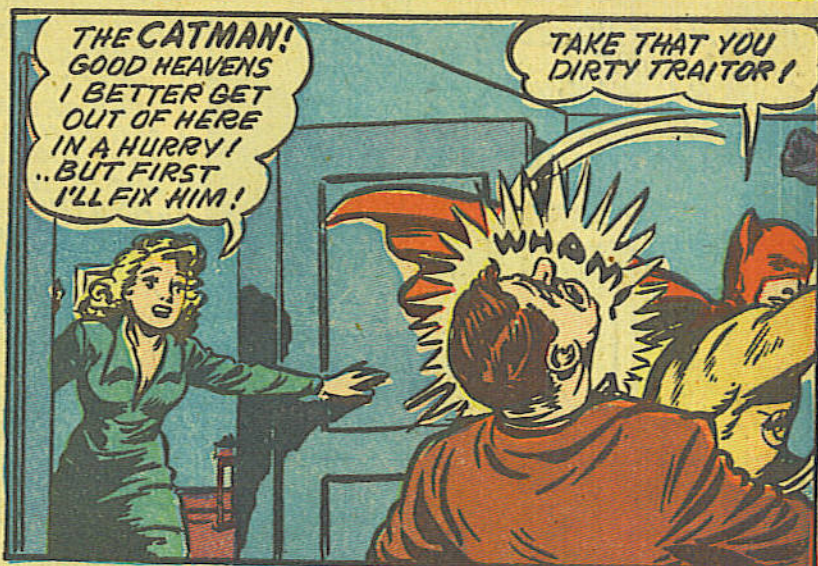
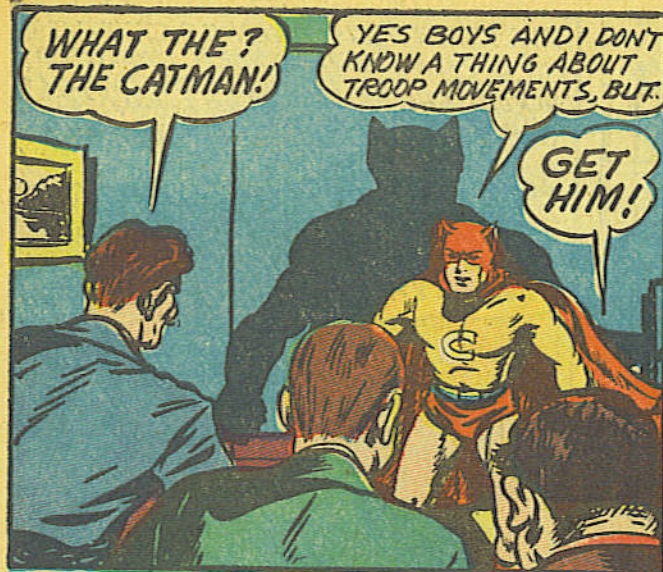
IN THE NEXT ROOM THE SUPPOSEDLY UNCONCIOUS CATMAN OVERHEARS THE ENTIRE CONVERSATION!

SO... THAT'S HOW IT'S DONE EH? TOO BAD BOYS, BUT HERE IS WHERE YOU GET THE SHOCK OF YOUR LIVES!



THERE IT'S ALL READY C'MON BOYS, NOW WE'LL FIND OUT WHAT THIS GUY KNOWS ABOUT TROOP MOVEMENTS!





YEAH! IT'S ME AND IT LOOKS LIKE YOUR GIRL FRIEND MUST HAVE HIT HER HEAD WHEN SHE FELL! SHE'S OUT LIKE A LIGHT!

BUT HOW DID YOU GET HERE? I SAW YOU GO IN THE MOVIE'S!



AW..! THAT TWISTED ANKLE STUFF IS AN OLD GAG WITH WOMEN, I WATCHED YOU UNTIL YOU DROVE AWAY, THEN I FOLLOWED... WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT, I SNEAKED IN AND HID UNDER A TABLE.. THEN WHEN THEY WENT ON AGAIN I SEEN 'EM DRAG YOU OUT! I FIGURED I'D BE NEEDED SO HERE I AM!



WELL I'LL BE HANGED KATIE, YOU'RE A CORNER! SAY WHILE THE BIRDS ARE SNOOZING WE MIGHT AS WELL TIE THEM UP AND CALL IN THE ARMY INTELLIGENCE!



HELLO... THIS IS.. THE CAT-MAN.. IF YOU WILL, SEND SOME MEN OVER TO THE 'SHARON GRILL' YOU CAN PICK UP THE SPIES YOU WANTED. THEY ARE NICELY BOUND AND GAGGED ALTHOUGH A LITTLE THE WORSE FOR WEAR! AND LOOK OUT FOR THE GIRL, SHE LOOKS SWEET BUT SHE'S PLENTY DANGEROUS! .. AND OH YES, ARREST YOUR ORDERLY NAMED CRINGER HE'S ONE OF THEM SORT OF A CONTACT MAN OR SPOTTER, GOOD-BYE GENERAL! ---CLICK---

CAN YOU BEAT THAT? IT'S ONLY THREE HOURS SINCE HE WAS TOLD ABOUT IT, AND HE'S CAUGHT THEM ALREADY! WHAT A MAN!



THE FOLLOWING EVENING...

LIEUTENANT MERRYWETHER, IT IS PUTTING IT MILDLY WHEN I SAY I AM VERY GRATEFUL FOR YOUR FRIENDS' GREAT FEAT OF COUNTER-ESPIONAGE! IT IS DEEDS SUCH AS HIS THAT HISTORY NEVER RECORDS... YET WITHOUT THEM NO BATTLES WOULD EVER BE WON!

HEY, UNCLE DAVID.. IT'S GETTIN' LATE! C'MON OR WE'LL BE LATE FOR THE MOVIES!

OKAY KATIE... GOOD NIGHT GENERAL!

GOOD-NITE LIEUTENANT.



...HOW STRANGE, THE ATTITUDE OF THE YOUNG.. THEY CARE LITTLE IF A WAR BE LOST OR WON!... BUT LATE FOR THE MOVIES ... AH, THERE IS TRAGEDY INDEED!



FOR OUTSTANDING VARIETY!

and THE MOST UNUSUAL AND ABSORBINGLY ENTERTAINING STORIES OBTAINABLE IN ANY COMIC MAGAZINES ~

Read

CAT-MAN

..... Comics

and IT'S COMPANION THRILLER DILLER!

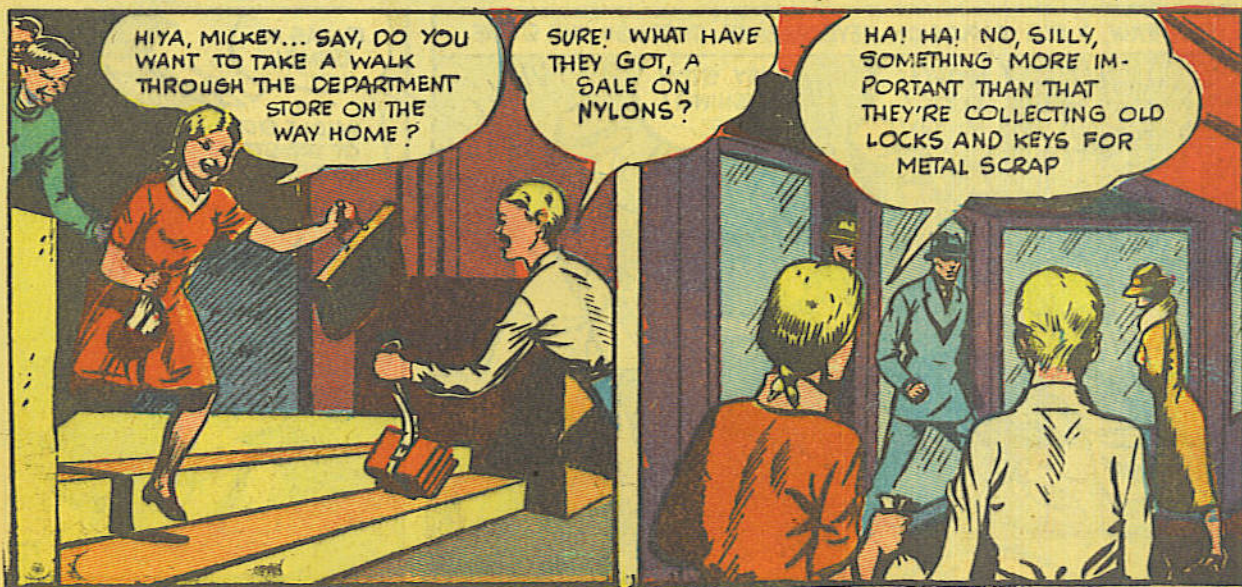
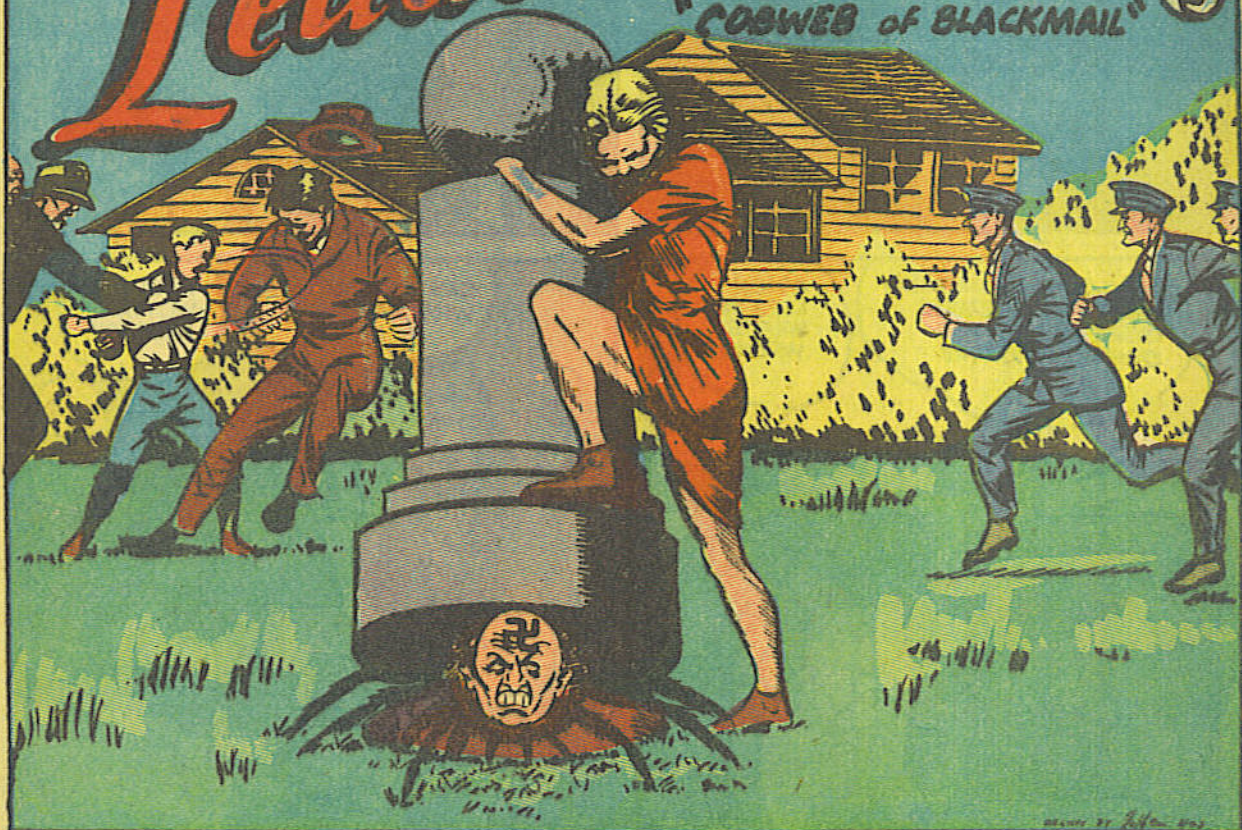
Captain AERO Comics

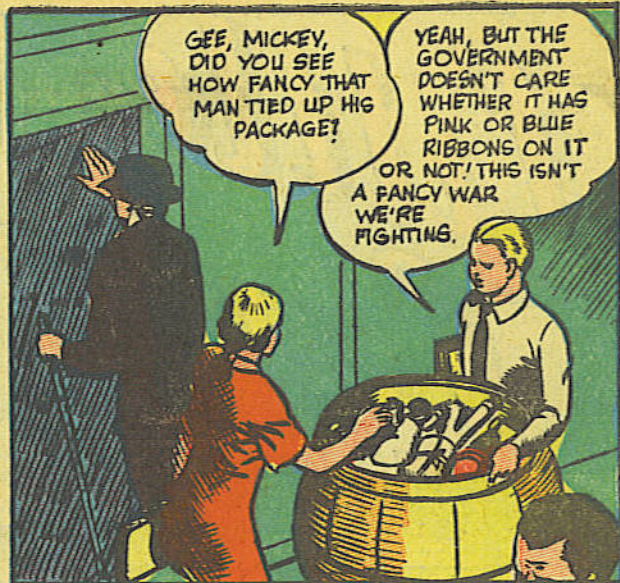
THESE TWO MAGAZINES ARE JUST CHUCK-FULL OF TIMELY ACTION-PACKED SUSPENSE FILLED MATERIAL! Get them EVERY month! THEY'RE THE TOPS!

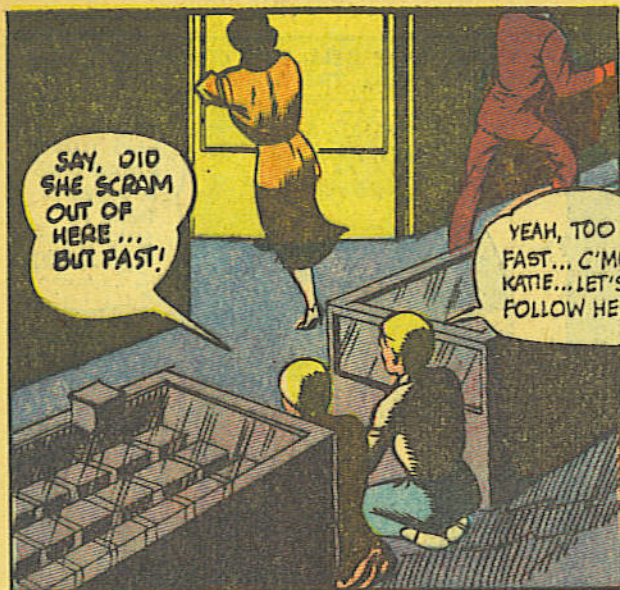
Little Leaders

SHROUDING THEMSELVES IN THE CURTAIN OF DARKNESS, NAZI SPIDERS SPIN THEIR WEBS OF SABOTAGE AND ESPIONAGE... CAREFULLY THEY PICK THEIR VICTIMS TO AID THEM, IN THEIR TREACHEROUS PLOTS BY USING A POWERFUL WEAPON TO TORTURE THE MINDS OF THEIR PREY... BLACKMAIL! READ WHAT HAPPENS WHEN MICKEY AND KATIE START TYING KNOTS IN DER FUEHRER'.

"COSWEB OF BLACKMAIL"







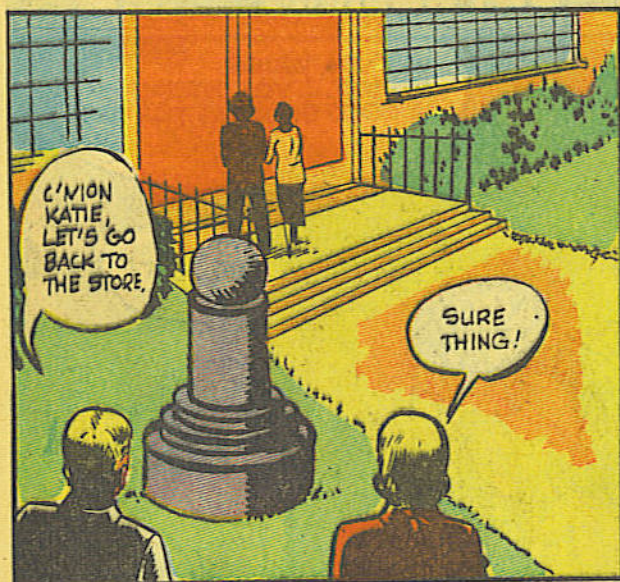
SAY, DID SHE SCRAM OUT OF HERE ... BUT FAST!

YEAH, TOO FAST... C'MON KATIE... LET'S FOLLOW HER



SAY THAT'S THE MAN WHO DROPPED THAT FANCY PACKAGE IN THE KEY BARREL!

YEAH! A BOMB TIED WITH RIBBON!



C'MON KATIE, LET'S GO BACK TO THE STORE.

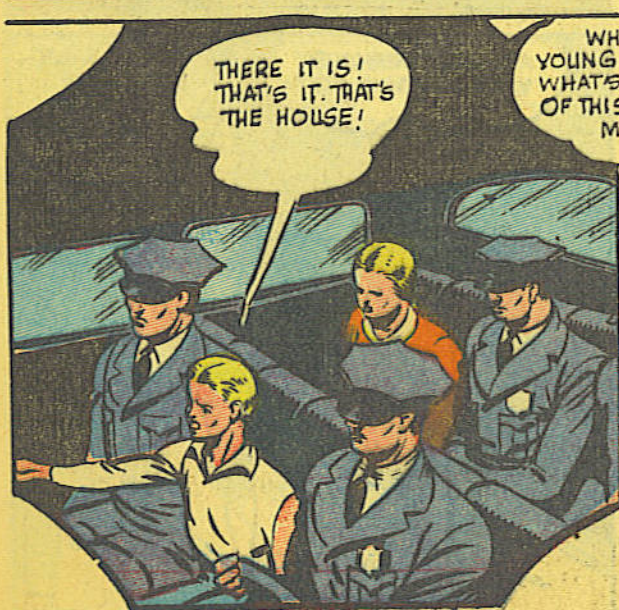
SURE THING!



ARRIVING BACK AT THE BOMBED STORE, MICKEY AND KATIE REPORT EVERYTHING THEY HAD SEEN TO THE POLICE....

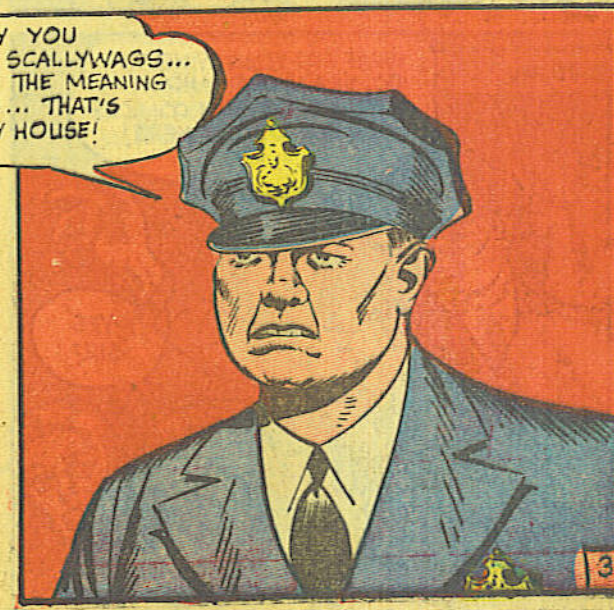
I THINK YOU CHILDREN BETTER TAKE US THERE RIGHT AWAY!

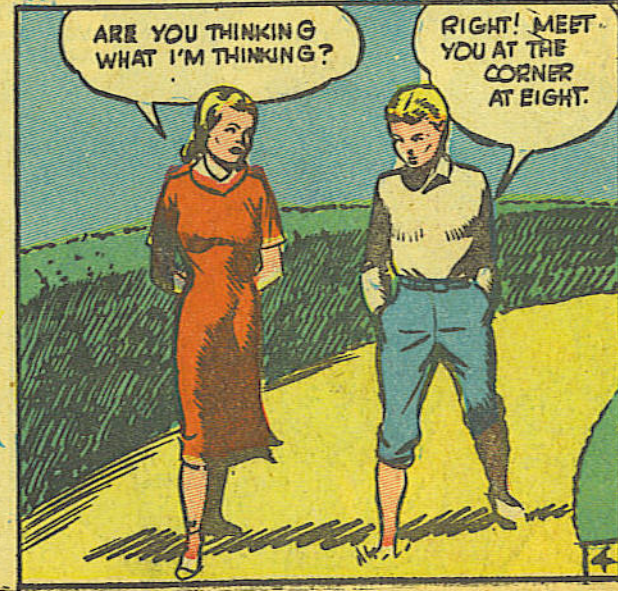
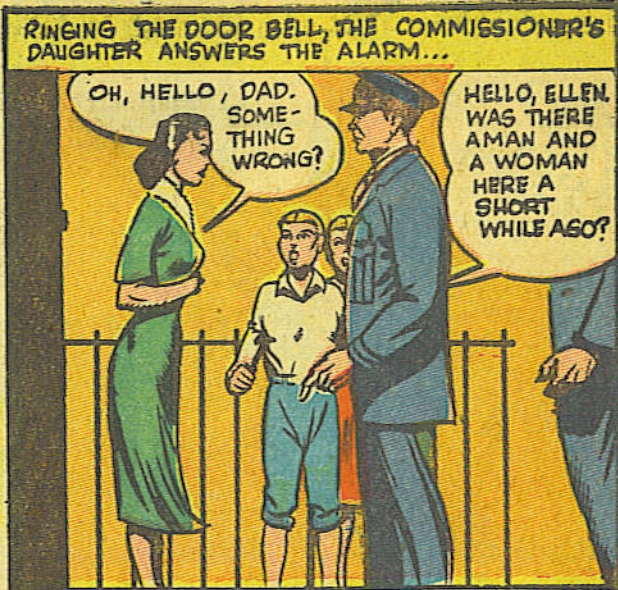
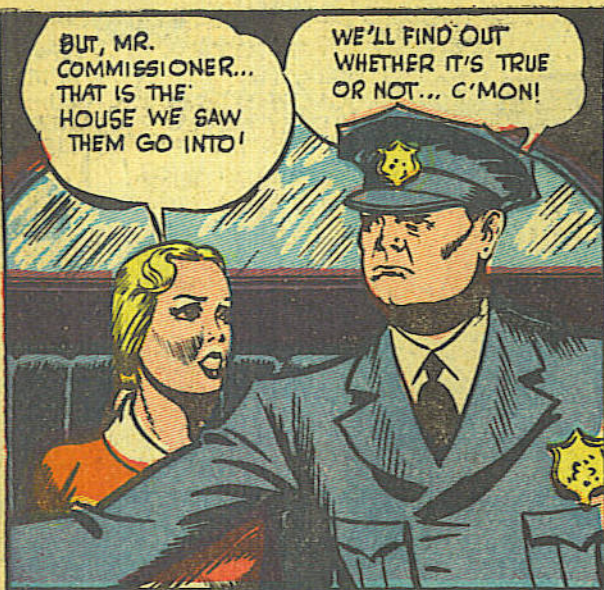
YES, MISTER COMMISSIONER!



THERE IT IS! THAT'S IT. THAT'S THE HOUSE!

WHY YOU YOUNG SCALLYWAGS... WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS... THAT'S MY HOUSE!

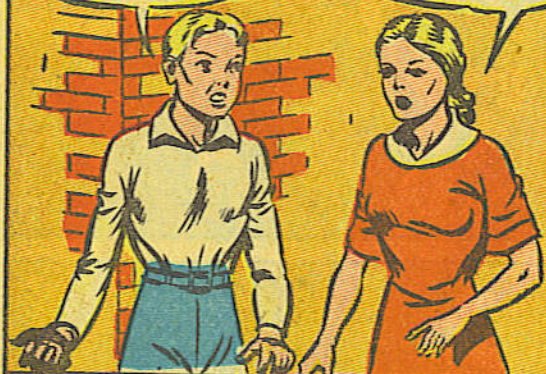




THAT NIGHT, THE TWO LITTLE LEADERS MEET
AT THE DESIGNATED CORNER....

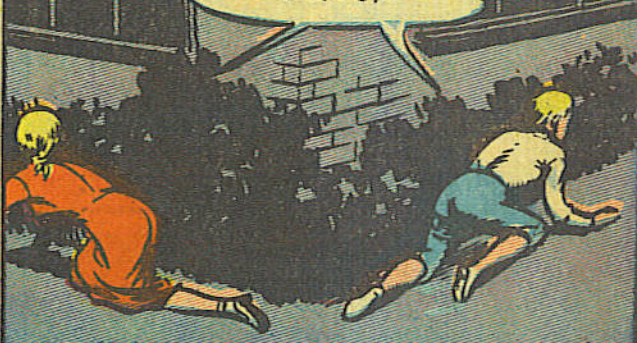
WHEN WE GET TO
THE HOUSE YOU TAKE
ONE SIDE AND I'LL
TAKE THE OTHER

O.K. BUT IF YOU
FIND A WINDOW OPEN
DON'T GO CRAWLING
INTO IT WITHOUT ME.



STEADILY, THEY EACH CRAWL AROUND
THE OUTSIDE OF THE HOUSE....

IF I DON'T FIND SOME-
THING, WE'LL LOOK LIKE
DOPES!



BUT, UNKNOWN TO MICKEY AND KATIE, A
BURLY FIGURE STANDS CONCEALED IN THE
DARKNESS AT THE REAR OF THE HOUSE,
WAITING FOR THEM...

DESE AMERICAN
KIDS SUSPECT
SOMETHING!

FOR DOT,
I'LL PUNISH
DEM!



... AND AS MICKEY AND KATIE MEET....

FIND
ANYTHING
KATIE?

NOTHING BUT
A LOT OF DIRT
ON THE GROUND.



SUDDENLY....

SO! TOO SNOOPING
BRATS EH?

YEOW!
HELP!
A NAZI!

LEGGO,
YA BIG
STIFF!

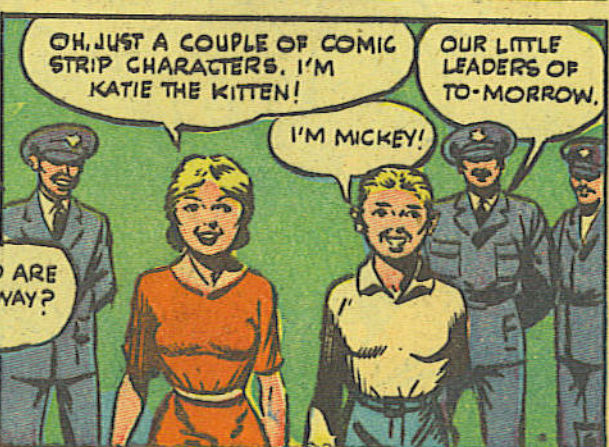
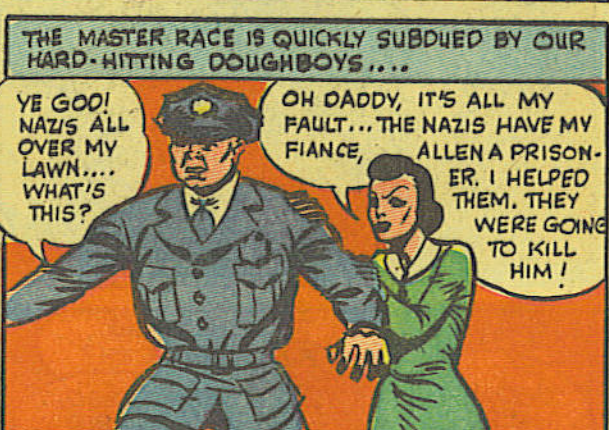
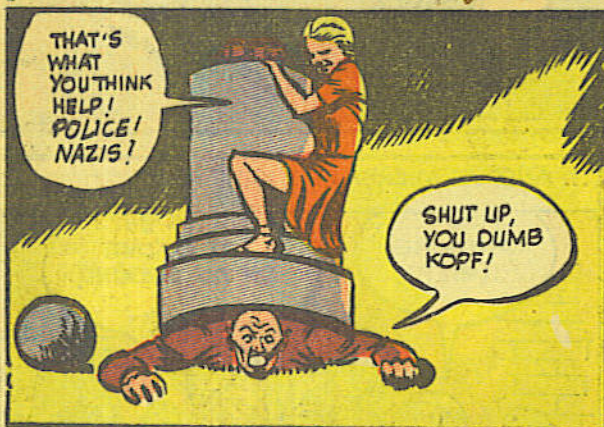
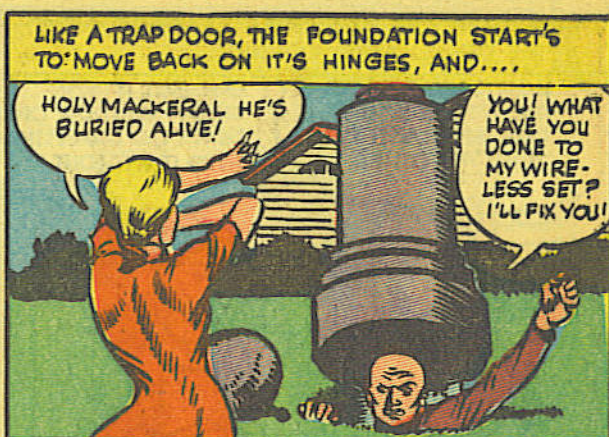
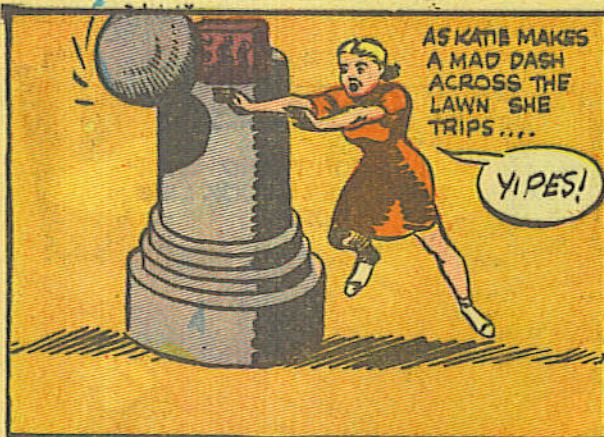


AS THE LITTLE LEADERS STRUGGLE UNDER
THE POWERFUL GRIP OF THE PORTLY NAZI,
KATIE SUCCEEDS IN FREEING HERSELF
FROM HIS GRASP!

RUN, KATIE
QUICK!
HELP!

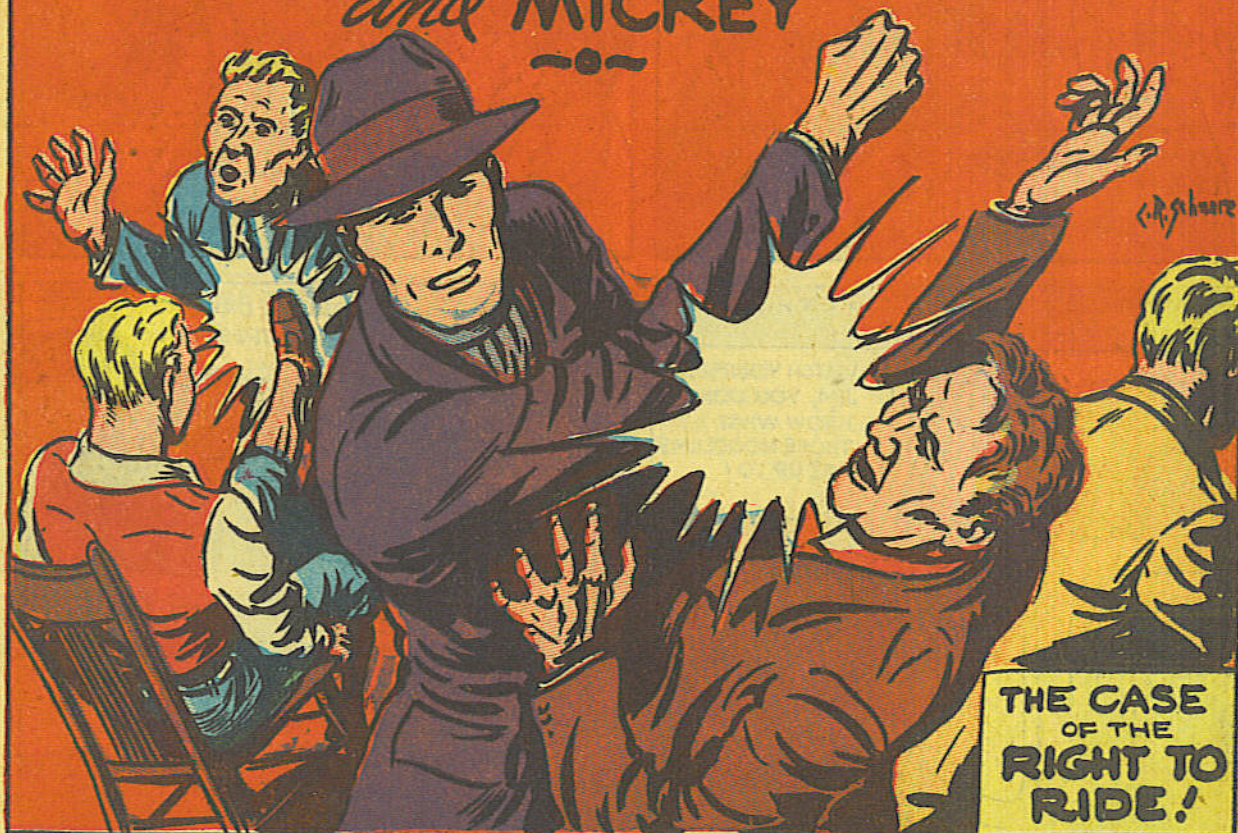
QUIET, YOU
FOOL OR I
VILL CRUSH
YOU TO PIECES!





THE DEACON

and MICKEY



THE CASE
OF THE
RIGHT TO
RIDE!

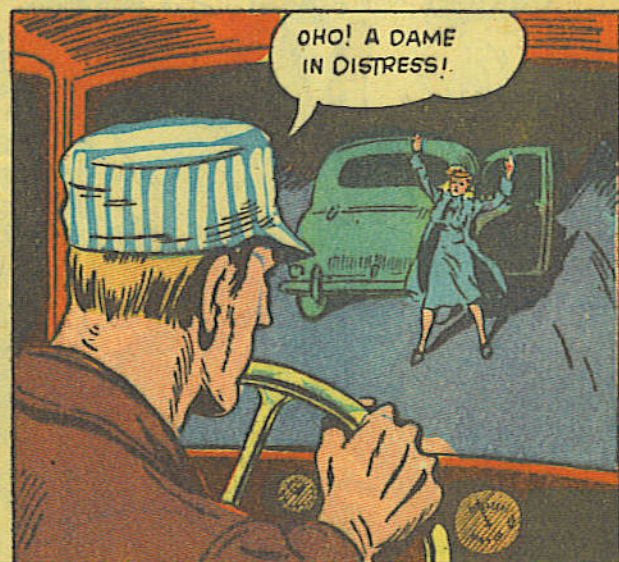
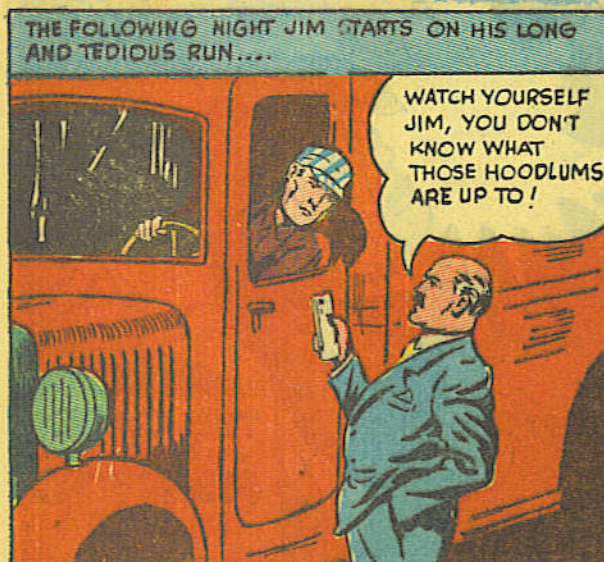
MISTER BROWN, YOU NEED THESE POLICIES
FOR THE PROTECTION OF YOUR TRUCKS. YOU
BETTER SIGN ON THE DOTTED LINE.

HEY! WHAT
KIND OF A
RACKET IS
THIS?

JUST THEN JIM, ONE OF THE DRIVERS ENTERS
THE OFFICE....

GET OUT OF HERE!

WHAT'S THE
TROUBLE
BOSS?



NOT FAR FROM THE PLACE OF THE HOLOUP THE DEACON AND MICKEY ARE ENJOYING A MIDNIGHT VIEW OF THE RIVER ... WHEN ...

LOOK! DEACON
A BUNDLE
THROWN FROM
THAT TRUCK!



HERE MICKEY. GRAB A HOLD,
IT SURE IS HEAVY!

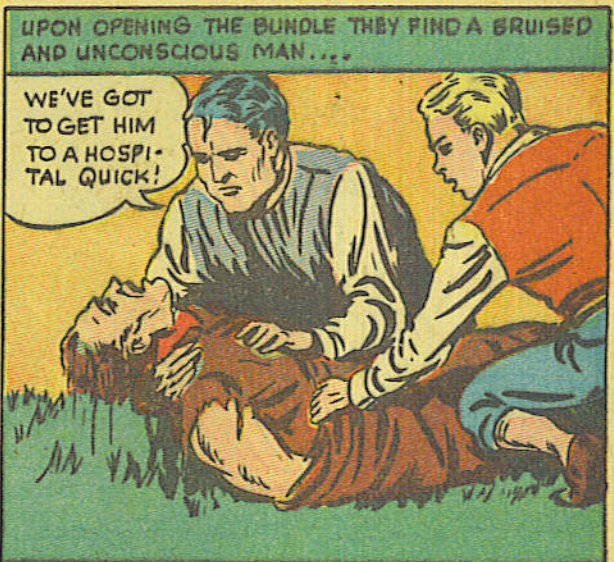


I'M GOING TO SEE
WHAT IT IS!



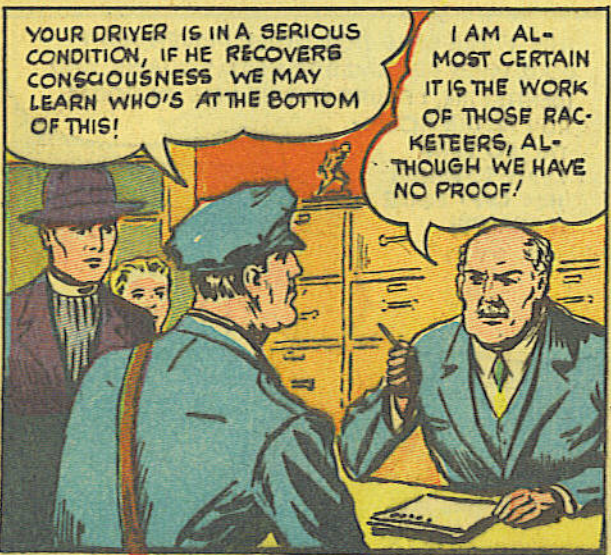
UPON OPENING THE BUNDLE THEY FIND A BRUISED
AND UNCONSCIOUS MAN ...

WE'VE GOT
TO GET HIM
TO A HOSPI-
TAL QUICK!



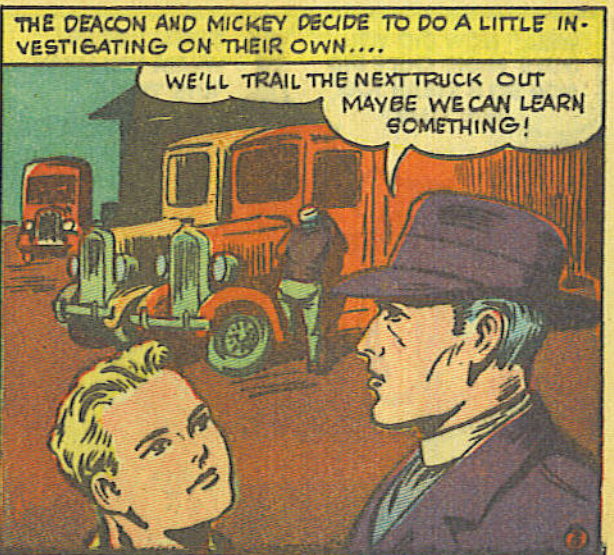
YOUR DRIVER IS IN A SERIOUS
CONDITION, IF HE RECOVERS
CONSCIOUSNESS WE MAY
LEARN WHO'S AT THE BOTTOM
OF THIS!

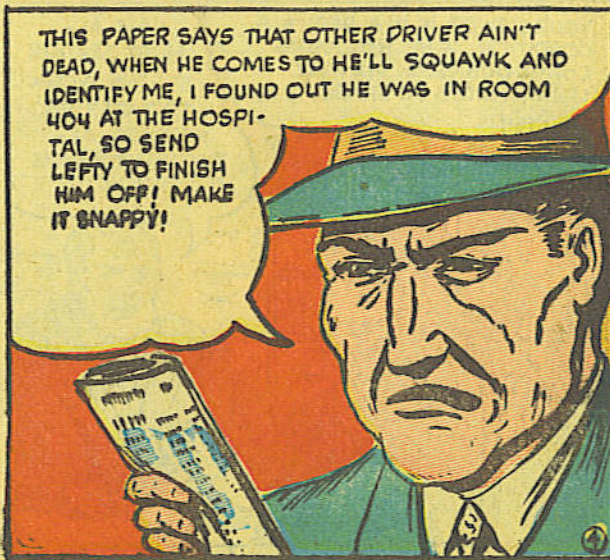
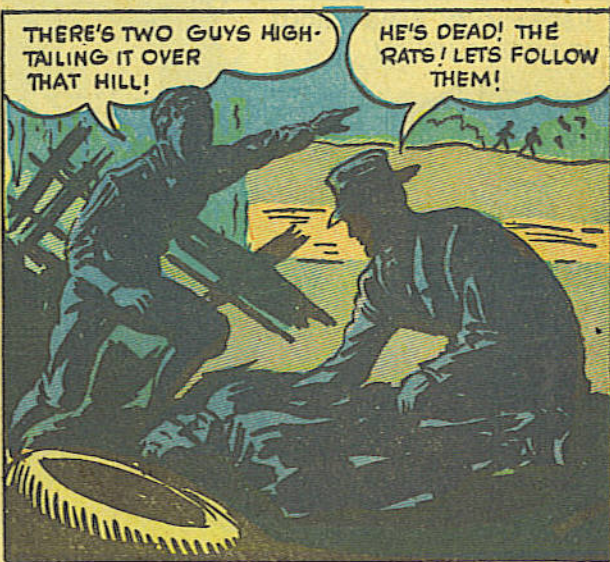
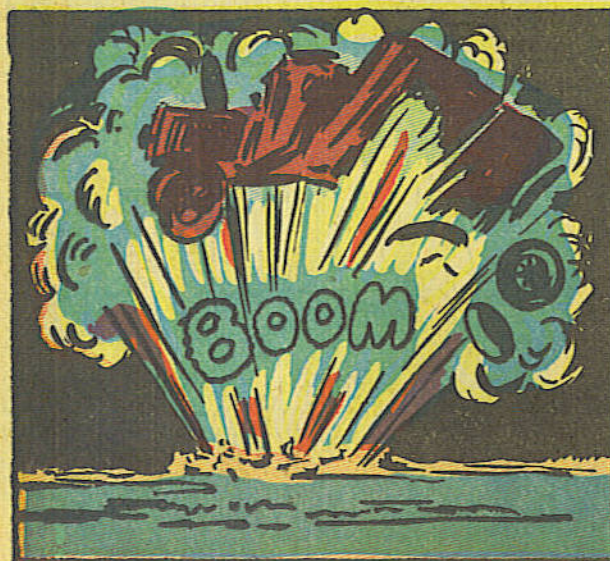
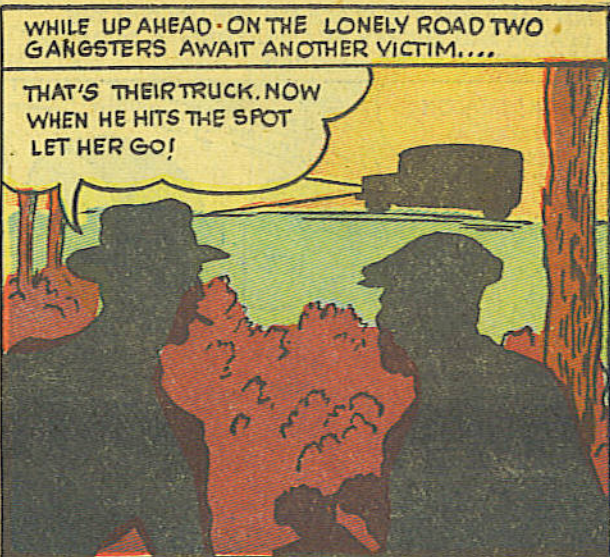
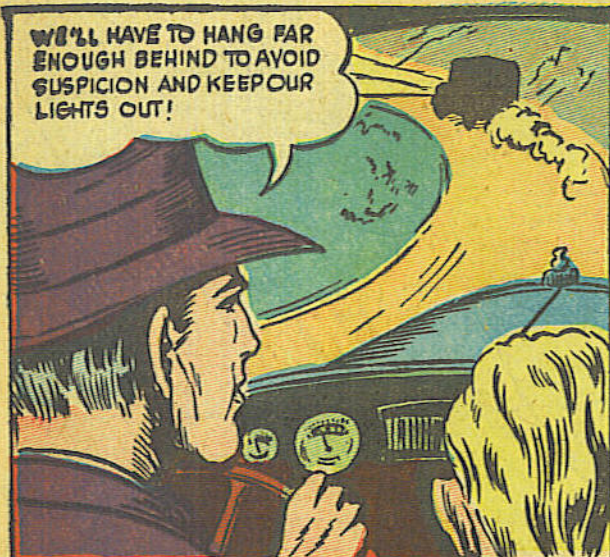
I AM AL-
MOST CERTAIN
IT IS THE WORK
OF THOSE RAC-
KETEERS, AL-
THOUGH WE HAVE
NO PROOF!

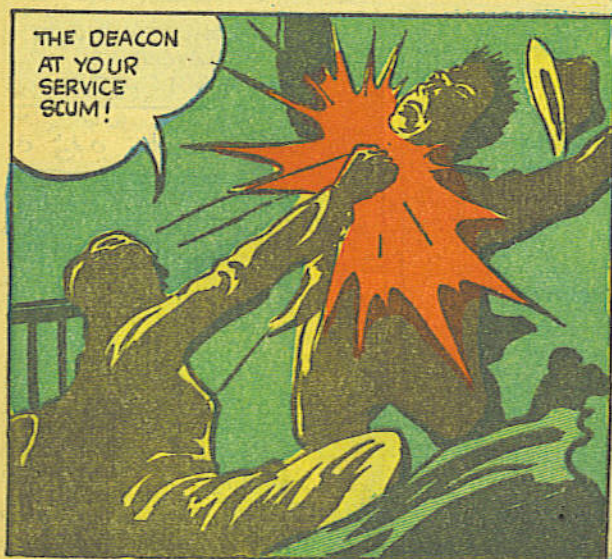


THE DEACON AND MICKEY DECIDE TO DO A LITTLE IN-
VESTIGATING ON THEIR OWN ...

WE'LL TRAIL THE NEXT TRUCK OUT
MAYBE WE CAN LEARN
SOMETHING!







WHILE MICKEY WATCHES AND WAITS. HE IS SUDDENLY SEIZED WITH THE URGE TO SNEEZE WHICH HE IS UNABLE TO STIFLE....



CONSEQUENTLY HE IS DISCOVERED AND MADE A PRISONER OF THE GANGSTERS....

WHAT WERE YOU DOING HANGING AROUND HERE KID? TELL ME BEFORE I PUSH YOUR FACE IN!

LET'S CROAK HIM BOSS!



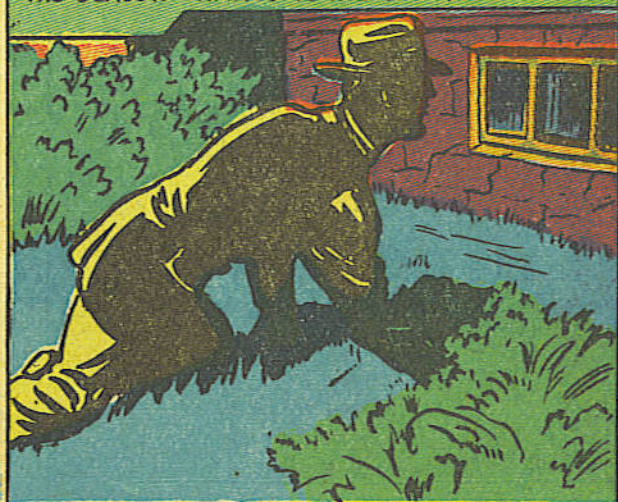
MEANTIME THE DEACON AND POLICE ARRIVE....

SURROUND THE HOUSE MEN, WE MAY HAVE TO SHOOT IT OUT!

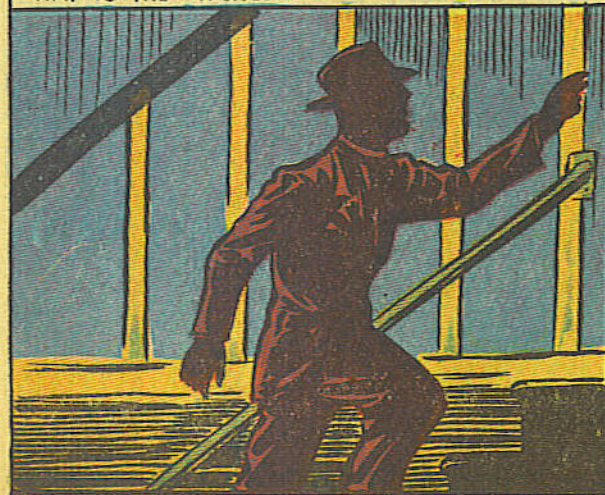
WAIT CHIEF! THEY MUST HAVE MICKEY IN THERE. HE WOULDN'T DESERT HIS POST, LET ME INVESTIGATE, BEFORE YOU START THE FIREWORKS.



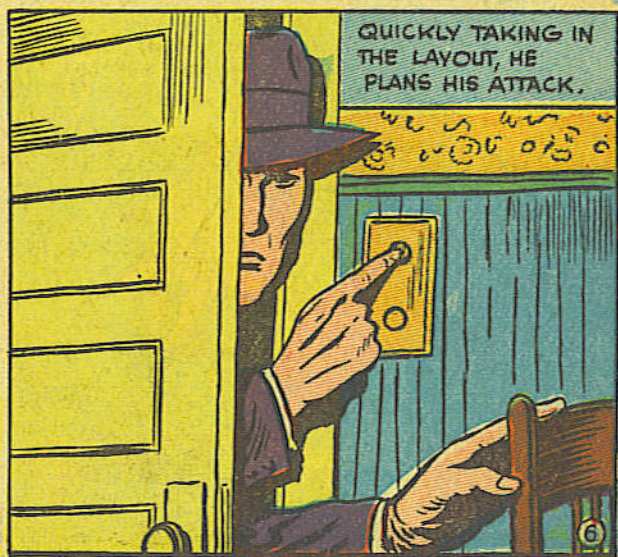
PERSUADING THE CHIEF TO HOLD OFF AWHILE, THE DEACON CRAWLS TO THE CELLAR WINDOW.

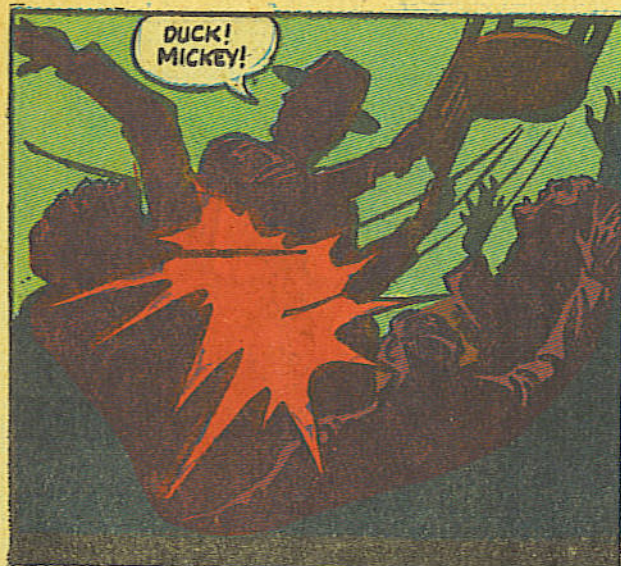


THROUGH THE DARK CELLAR HE MAKES HIS WAY TO THE STAIRS....



QUICKLY TAKING IN THE LAYOUT, HE PLANS HIS ATTACK.





THE RAGMAN

IN WHICH THE
"RAGMAN" COPEs
WITH THE UNIQUE
METHODS OF THE
ORIENTAL CRIME
EXPERTS!
IN THE CASE OF
THE "SYMBOLS
IN JADE"!

STARRING "TINY"
SIX FEET OF BLACK DYNAMITE!



IN THE LONELY SUBURBS OF A
BIG CITY, A FAMILIAR FIGURE
ENJOYS THE PRIVACY OF HIS
WELL-CONCEALED HIDEOUT--

SAY, TINY, THERE'S AN EXHIBITION
OF CHINESE ART BEING HELD ALL
THIS WEEK--WHAT DO YOU SAY
WE DROP OVER THERE TODAY?

IT'S OKAY BY
ME, YOU ALWAYS
WERE INTERESTED
IN THAT ORIENTAL
STUFF, MISTAH
RAG-MAN!

YOU'LL BE WANTING
TO WEAR A GOOD
SUIT, WON'T YUH,
SUH?

THAT'S RIGHT, TINY, THEY
WOULDN'T LET ME INTO THE
EXHIBITION IN MY RAGMAN
CLOTHES--BY THE WAY,
YOU CAN CALL ME MR--
AH--FLEMING WHILE
WE'RE THERE!



AN HOUR LATER, RAGMAN AND TINY ARE ENJOYING THE BEAUTY OF THE ARTICLES ON EXHIBITION--

YOU KNOW, TINY, THE WHOLE HISTORY OF THE CHINESE CIVILIZATION IS INTERPRETED ON THESE OBJECTS!

ALL AH KNOWS, IS THAT IT SHO MUSTA TAKEN A LONG TIME TO MAKE JUST ONE OB THESE THINGS!

TALK ABOUT WORK--LOOK AT THAT BEAUTIFUL VASE THERE--IT'S EXQUISITE!



IS SOMETHING WRONG, MR. FLEMING?

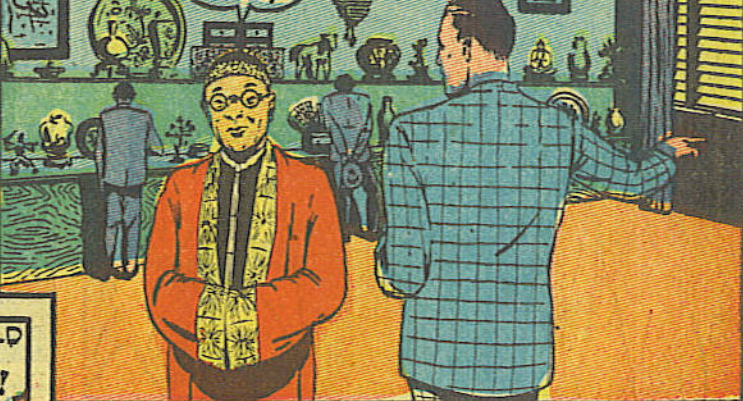
I'LL SAY THERE IS, THERE'S SOME JAPANESE ART-WORK ON THIS VASE!



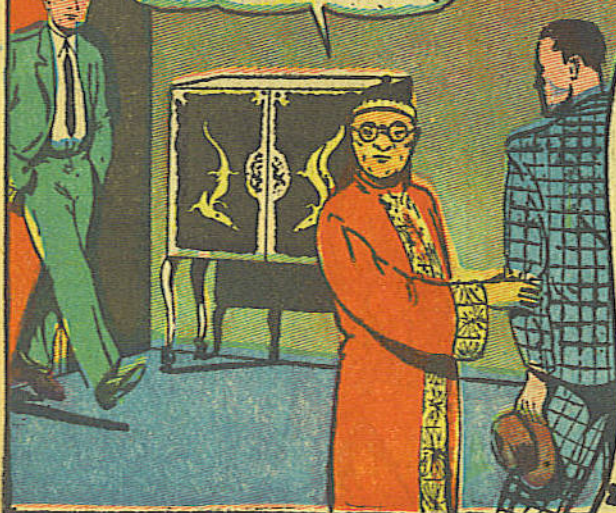
THIS LAST REMARK QUICKLY BRINGS AN ORIENTAL TO THE RAG-MAN'S SIDE--

I ASSURE YOU, SIR, THERE IS NO JAPANESE ART-WORK ON THIS VASE!

I BEG TO DIFFER WITH YOU--HERE LET ME SHOW YOU SOMETHING!



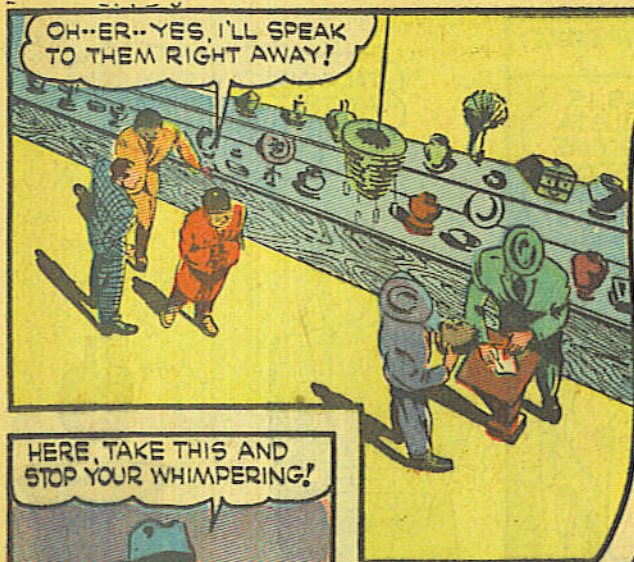
OH--ER--IF HONORABLE GENTLEMEN WOULD LIKE TO LOOK AT SOME OF THE OTHER VASES, I'LL GLADLY SHOW THEM TO YOU! I'M SURE THERE ARE OTHERS THAT WOULD LIKE TO SEE THIS PRICELESS EXHIBIT!



YOU WILL FIND THIS ITEM VERY INTERESTING--LET ME TELL YOU ITS HISTORY!

BEFORE YOU DO, WOULDN'T IT BE WISE TO TELL THOSE MEN NOT TO HANDLE YOUR PRICELESS VASE!





OH--ER--YES, I'LL SPEAK TO THEM RIGHT AWAY!

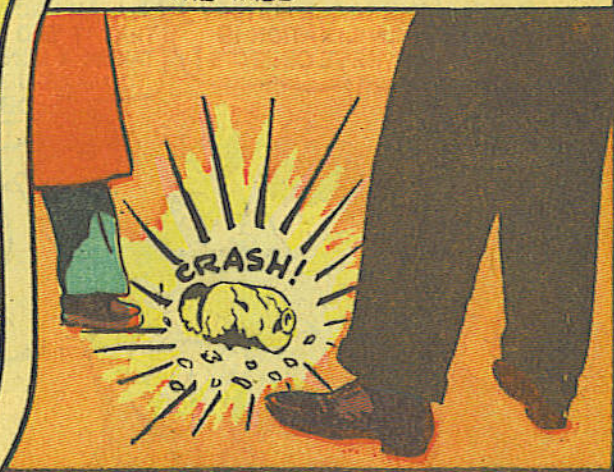


HERE, TAKE THIS AND STOP YOUR WHIMPERING!

OH! MY VASE-- MY BEAUTIFUL VASE!-- BROKEN IN PIECES!



AS THE ORIENTAL TURNS TO WALK TOWARD THEM, THE MEN DROP THE VASE--



BROKEN IN MANY TINY PIECES! ITS VALUE IS LOST NOW! IT MUST BE DESTROYED!

IT'S A SHAME THIS VASE WAS BROKEN! I BELIEVE IT CAN BE REPAIRED BY GLUEING THE PIECES TOGETHER!



IT YOU WOULDN'T MIND, SIR, I'D BE ONLY TOO GLAD TO MEND IT!

PERHAPS, PATIENT ONE DID NOT HEAR ME QUITE WELL! IT MUST BE DESTROYED! GOOD DAY, SIR!



HE SHO DIDN'T WANT YOU TO GET YOUR HANDS ON THAT VASE!

WELL, TINY, I AM--TONIGHT!



THAT NIGHT TWO FIGURES ARE SEEN LURKING
IN THE REAR OF THE EXHIBITION BUILDING--

THERE'S A LOT OF PAPER
IN HERE, MISTAH RAG-MAN,
BUT NO PIECES OF THE
BROKEN VASE!

I DIDN'T THINK
SO--C'MON, TINY,
LET'S JIMMY THIS
WINDOW OPEN!



RUMPH! IT'S OPENING,
MISTAH RAG-MAN!

GOOD-- I WILL
GO IN FIRST!



AS THE RAGMAN ENTERS THE BASEMENT, HE
BEHOLDS A STARTLING SIGHT--

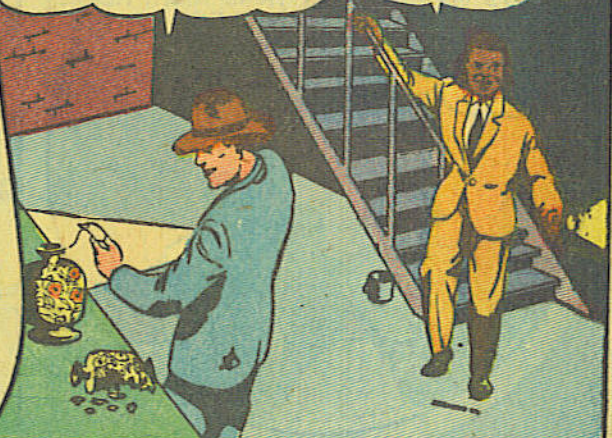
WHAT TH--?
WELL, I'LL BE!

MISTAH RAGMAN!
WHAT'S WRONG?



THESE VASES--THEY'RE
ALL LIKE THE ONE THAT
WAS BROKEN TO-DAY, AND
HERE'S THE BROKEN VASE!-

IT LOOKS AS IF
THAT VASE WAS
SMASHED ON
PURPOSE!



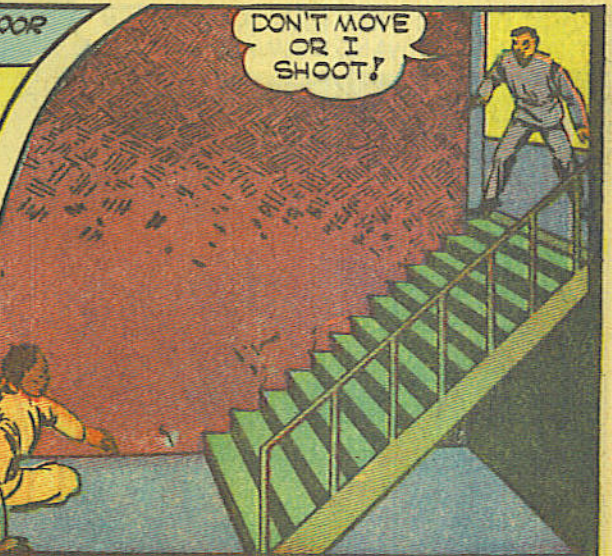
TINY FAILS TO SEE A PAINT BRUSH ON THE FLOOR
AND---

THESE VASES WERE MADE
BY JAPS-- AND VERY
RECENTLY, TOO!

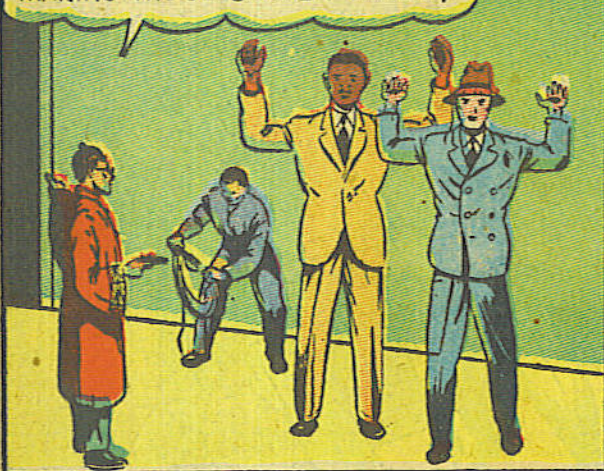
YEOW!



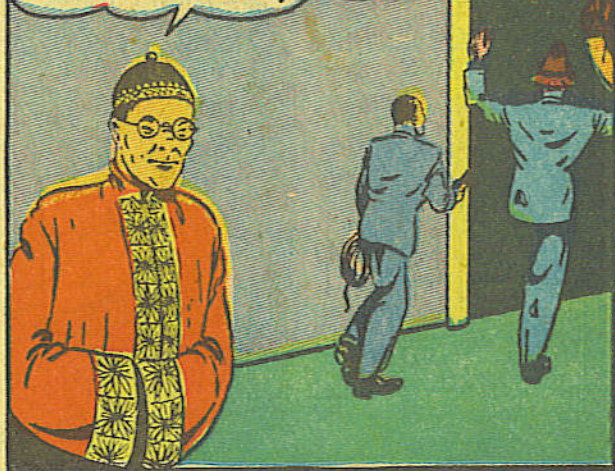
DON'T MOVE
OR I
SHOOT!



TIE THEM UP SECURELY AND LOCK THEM IN THERE! WE HAVE MUCH WORK TO DO RE-
MAKING THOSE BROKEN VASES?



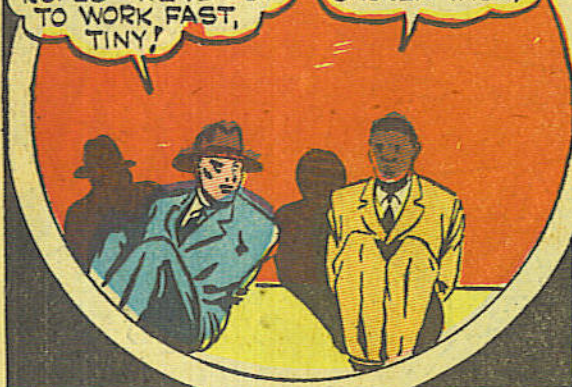
FOR THE INCONVENIENCE YOU HAVE CAUSED US, YOU SHALL PAY DEARLY, YOU SNEAKING AMERICAN FOOLS?



SECURELY TIED UP THE TWO ARE LEFT ALONE--

SEE IF YOU CAN FIND ANYTHING WE CAN USE TO CUT THESE ROPES--WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST, TINY!

AH HAVE SOMETHING RIGHT HERE! A PIECE OF THE BROKEN VASE?



LATER:

MOST HONORABLE ONE, A PIECE IS MISSING--WE CAN'T FIND IT ANYWHERE?

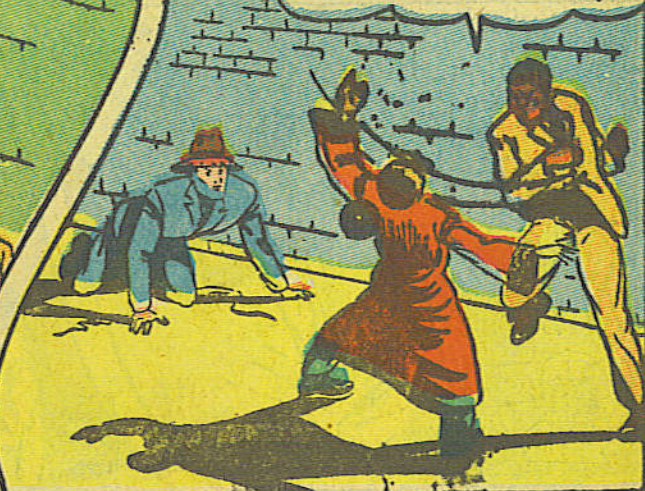
WHAT? ONE OF THOSE AMERICANS MUST HAVE IT--I WILL GET IT NOW!



ONE OF YOU PIGS HAS A PIECE OF THAT VASE--I WANT IT--IMMEDIATELY!



HERE'S A PIECE, BUT IT ISN'T FROM ANY VASE!



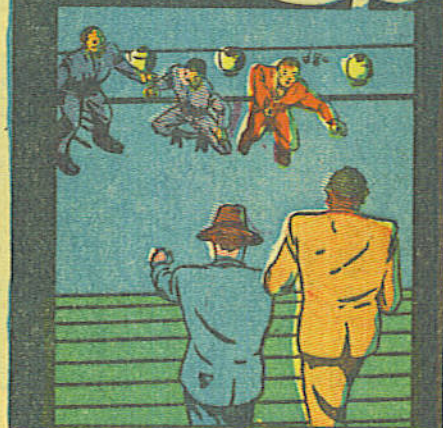
C'MON, TINY, WE'VE GOT SOME OF OUR OWN PICTURES TO PAINT, ONLY WE'RE NOT GOING TO USE ANY BRUSHES!

RIGHT WITH YOU MISTAH RAG-MAN!



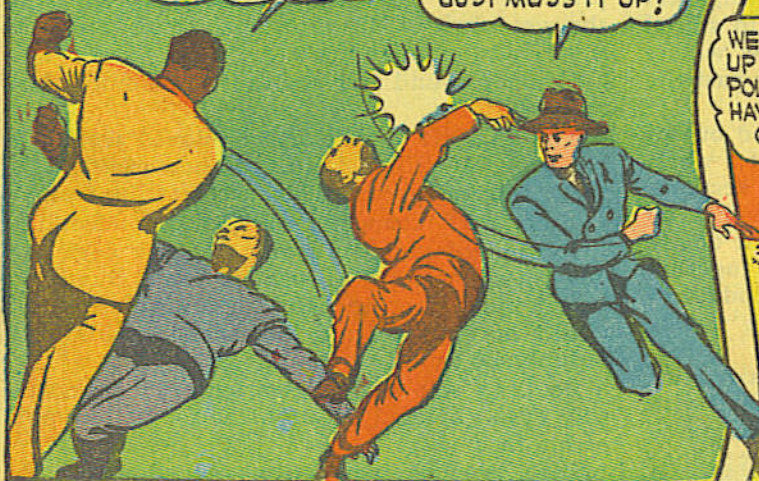
YEOW!-- IT'S THE AMERICANS!

WE'VE COME TO SHOW YOU SOME PRETTY STARS YOU CAN PAINT!



HERE'S THE DOWNBEAT FOR YOUR RISING SUN!

DON'T LET THEM LOSE FACE, TINY, JUST MUSS IT UP!



THE PUNY JAPS ARE QUICKLY SUBDUED BY THE HARD-HITTING RAGMAN, AND THE POWERFUL TINY--

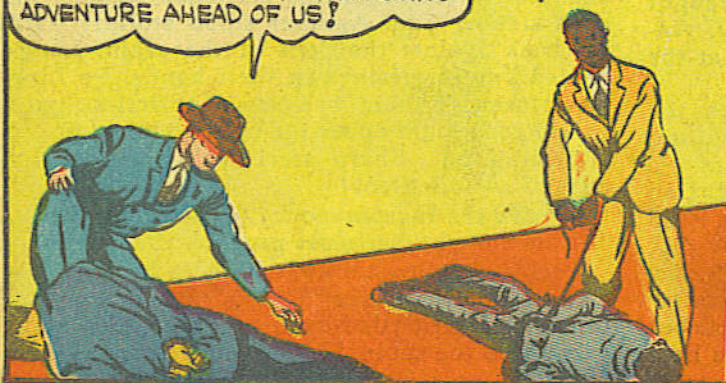
WE'LL TIE THESE MONKEYS UP AND SUMMON THE POLICE--THEN WE'LL HAVE A REAL JOB ON OUR HANDS!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY A REAL JOB, MISTAH RAGMAN?



YOU SEE, TINY, THESE JAPS, DISGUISED AS CHINESE, PAINTED CODE MESSAGES IN THE FORM OF FLOWERS ON THESE VASES! ONE MESSAGE GOT THROUGH TODAY-- OUR JOB IS TO DECIPHER THE CODE, AND IF MY GUESS IS CORRECT, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A VERY INTERESTING ADVENTURE AHEAD OF US!

WE BETTER GET OUT OF HERE IN A HURRY, MISTAH RAG-MAN, THE POLICE WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE!

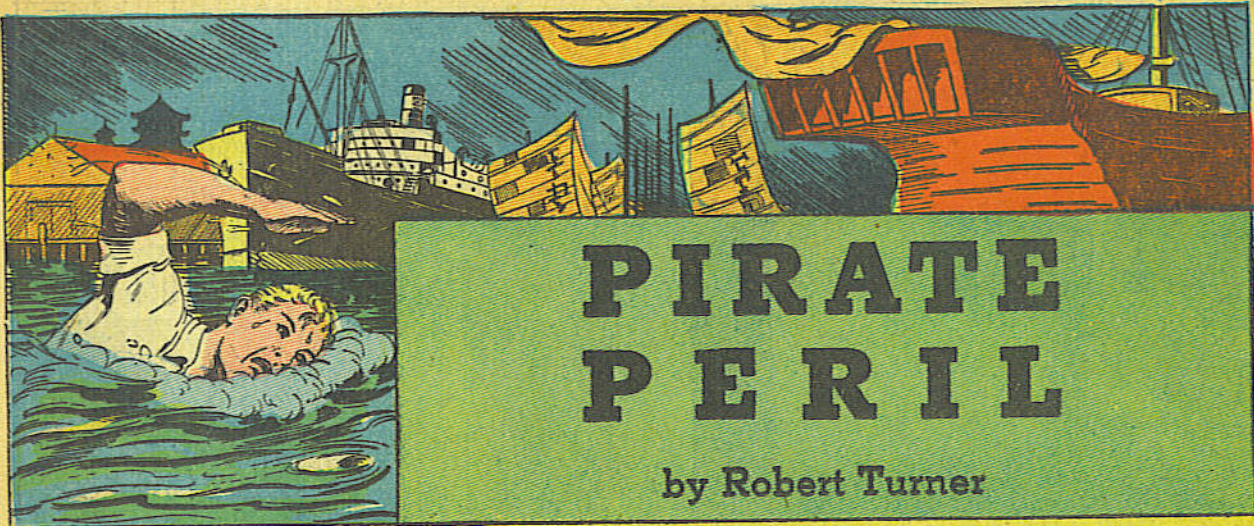


WHAT A SIGHT AT THE END OF AN EVENTFUL NIGHT! THE RISING SUN!

YES, TINY, AND BEFORE SHE SETS TONIGHT, WE MUST SOLVE THE CASE OF THE PAINTED FLOWERS!



NEXT MONTH--THE "RAGMAN" AND "TINY" MEET UP WITH A TERROR YOU'LL LONG REMEMBER, IN CATMAN COMICS



PIRATE PERIL

by Robert Turner

IN the long, flickering shadows of the waterfront wharf, Jud Jarvis lounged against a crazily stacked pile of packing cases. A coolie stevedore moved toward him, mumbling and chanting some weird, oriental tune. Jud stared steadfastly down at the muddy, yellow waters of the Tsinglow River swirling swiftly past the piles beneath him.

Three minutes later the coolie passed out of sight and hearing around the corner of a warehouse. Jud Jarvis waited a few more seconds. His gray eyes flashed penetrating glances up and down the now deserted length of the docks. He went up on his toes, flung his hands together over his head and arched his whole body forward with a clean-cut dive into the murky waters.

Underwater he swam for about twenty yards, then came up slowly, breaking the surface with scarcely a ripple. With his forelock plastered stickily to his forehead Jud snorted the stench of the Chinese river from his nostrils, took bearings, and struck out strongly for a fleet of junks bobbing in the distant center of the river.

"This," he told himself sternly as he fought and strained against the treacherous currents, "is what I get for being a private investigator by profession! Phooey!"

He came to the first of the junks and caught at the slimy anchor chain, rested briefly. Another twenty-five yards and he would be at the boat of Po Ling, the river pirate.

His great, lithe body churned through the water again. Soon he reached out to a trailing rope drooping restlessly over the side of Po Ling's junk. Bracing his feet on the barnacled side of the river craft, Jud went hand over hand to the deck. Vaulting lightly over the low rail, he stood for a moment, blind in the thick gloom of the Eastern night, all senses alert, waiting.

His move was over now. He had carried out Po Ling's instructions to the letter. From here on it was up to the slant-eyed pirate.

The man was standing right in front of Jud and he didn't even know it, it was that black out there. The first intimation he had of the other's presence was the muzzle of the gun pressing the wet cloth of his shirt against his stomach. A whispering voice hissed:

"Make a sound and you die! . . . Come below with me."

The gun left Jud's stomach, moved around to his back. A veiled flashlight then cast a pale glow over the greasy deckboards at his feet.

"Forward!" came the whispered command.

Jud moved gingerly along the dark deck and down a steep flight of wooden steps. Suddenly before him a door opened. A thin Chinese sailor with a horribly scarred face beckoned him into a dimly lit cabin.

Po Ling was sitting at a battered desk. His tiny eyes glittered through the fat yellow puff of his face.

"You obeyed instructions excellently," Po Ling said. "One of my men, disguised as a coolie laborer saw that you came to the dock and started out here alone. The American millionaire, and you as his agent, have been very wise!"

Jud Jarvis did not answer right away. His glance swept the room. Po Ling was taking no chances. A cutthroat had stationed himself on each side of Jud. Another stood stolidly with his back against the door of the cabin. Long-bladed knives gleamed in their hands. Po Ling was clever. If there was cause for action, guns would echo loudly over the river to bring police swarming out. Sharp steel would be equally effective—and silent!

"I have the ransom money," Jud said, quietly. "First, though, you must produce the girl."

Po Ling smiled thinly, uttered a hoarse command in Chinese. The door opened quickly. A tall, blond girl, tired-eyed and pale, half staggered into the cabin. She leaned wearily against a wall.

Jud turned to her. "Are you all right, Miss Courtney?"

She tried to smile. "Yes, I'm all right," she said, weakly. "I will be when I get off this rat trap."

Jud's jaw hardened whitely as he noticed bruises on Iris Courtney's cheeks and arms. He said nothing. He unbuttoned the front of his shirt, fumbled beneath it for a moment, then swung forth a fat money belt.

"Fifty thousand in gold," he said. "It's all here."

Po Ling rubbed the palms of his puffy hands together, licked his thin lips. "Put it on my desk," he ordered.

Jud shook his head. "Not until you have untied the girl's hands!"

The cold-faced killers on each side of the detectives raised their knives. Jud gripped the money belt tightly. Po Ling stood up slowly, moved out from behind his desk.

"You must think me a simpleton," Po Ling said. "If I let you and the white girl go now, even though I get the money, you would have the police after me before I was half a mile up the river. Now that the gold is aboard, you and Miss Courtney will be my prisoners until we get well up the river. You will then be released at some lonely point and by the time you reach civilization, my boat will be safely hidden in my up-river headquarters. . . Will you hand me the money belt, or shall I have my men cut it out of your hands?"

"I'll give it to you," Jud said. A momentary grin twitched his lips. "But it will do you no good. This belt is filled with lead. We expected a double cross."

Po Ling stared in dumb disbelief at the belt dangling from Jud's fingers. In that brief moment when they were all thrown off guard, Jud

Jarvis went into action. With a sharp, snapping noise the belt whipped up, swished first right and then left in a blinding blur of speed.

The heavy lead thudded sickeningly against the jaws of the pirates standing next to Jud and they dropped in a heap. He leaped backward to the side of Iris Courtney, his free hand flashing to his rubber-lined, waterproof hip pocket. The tiny automatic appeared in his hand as if by magic. It gutted forth a streak of flame. The guard from the door, halfway toward Jud and the girl, pitched forward, his knife clanking to the floor.

Jud quickly twirled the weapon toward Po Ling. The fat pirate chieftain stopped waddling toward them.

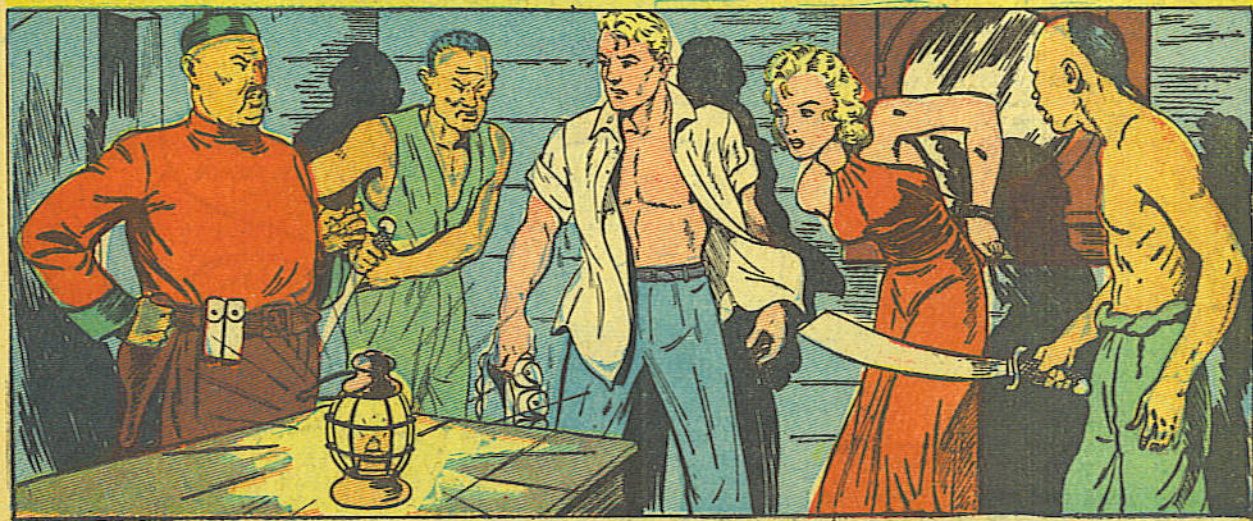
While Iris Courtney stepped toward the fallen knife, Jud talked fast. "Cut your hands free in a hurry, Miss Courtney. Dive out the porthole. Swim toward the junk closest to shore. Your father and several police are aboard it, waiting for you!"

Abruptly the door of the cabin swung open. Jud's automatic barked again. Another Chink sprawled to the floor. His companions behind him scrambled quickly back out of sight.

Jud waited until he saw the girl's figure flash through the porthole. He gave her five minutes start, while Po Ling snarled and cursed and threatened in frustrated fury. Then he said: "Here is your ransom, Po Ling!"

He slammed the heavy belt full into the pirate's sneering face and dove for the porthole. When his head finally burst above the yellow surface of the Tsinglow, bullets sizzled little white-caps about his head.

He laughed, gulped another mammoth breath and dived below, heading underwater once more toward the junk that held the police. He had removed the Courtney girl safely from Ling's clutches. His part of the job was over.



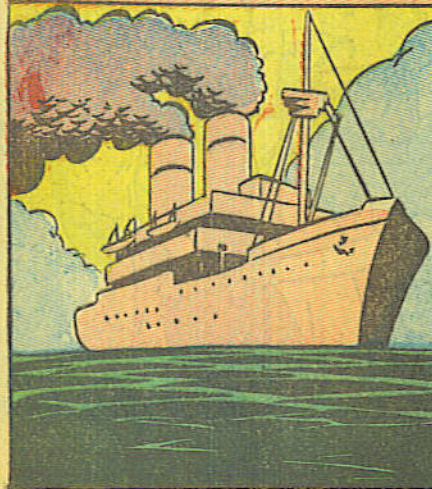
The HOOD

ART and CONTINUITY
BY
FILIP TITMIDEL

MEETS
THE
DEATH'S HEAD!

ACROSS THE PACIFIC, FROM
THE MYSTERIOUS EAST COMES
STRANGE CARGO. THE WILL
OF THE PEOPLE OF THE U.S.A.
IS ABOUT TO UNDER GO THE
STRAIN OF TERRIBLE, EVIL
FORCES. AT THE BREAKING
POINT. THE HOOD TAKES A
HAND AND PLAYS FOR THE
HIGHEST OF STAKES....
DEATH!

THE STEAMER TAJ MAHARAH STEAMS INTO
PORT. ONE SURVIVOR OF A CONVOY OF 30!



YES, IT IS URGENT
THAT THE HOOD
SPEAK TO THE CAP-
TAIN AS SOON AS
WE DOCK... THANK
YOU!

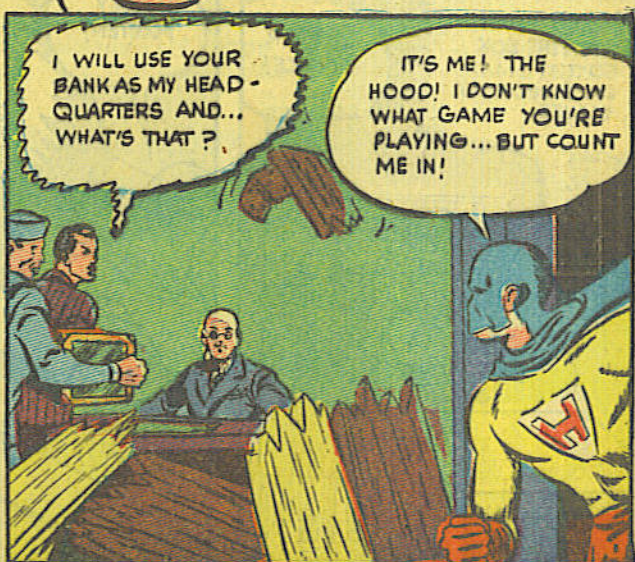
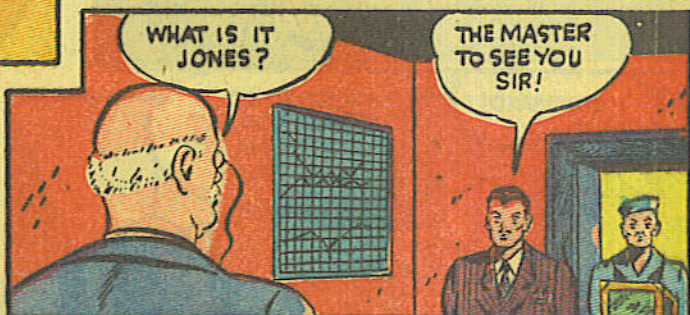
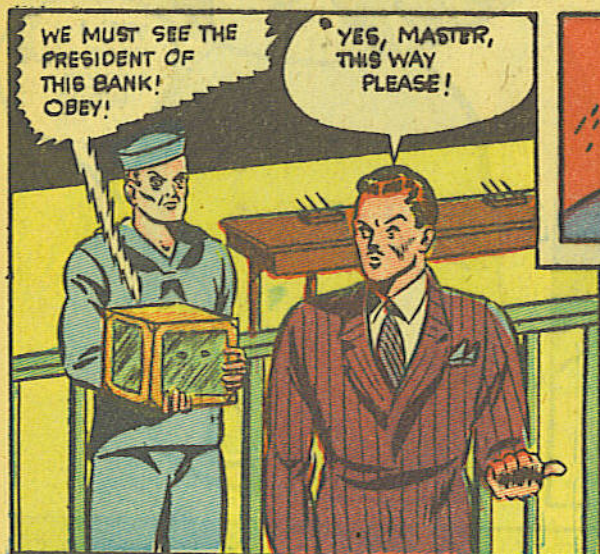


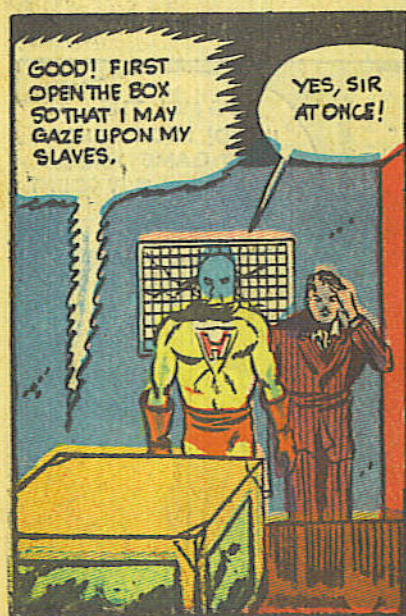
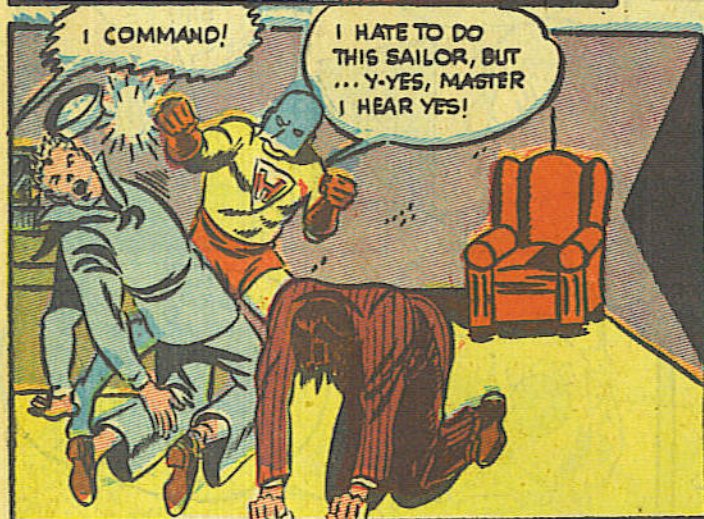
AND THAT'S WHAT'S HAP-
PENED. WHY SHOULD WE
BE THE ONLY ONES TO GET
THROUGH? UNLESS THERE'S
SOMETHING IN OUR CARGO
THAT THEY WANT TO REACH
THE UNITED STATES!



I'LL BE ON
HAND WHEN
THE FREIGHT
IS UNLOAD-
ED, SIR!







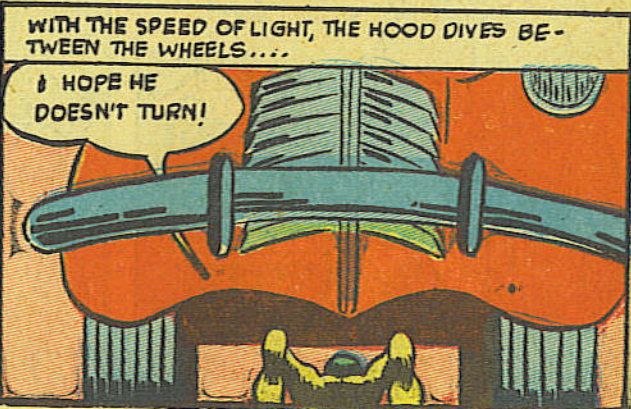
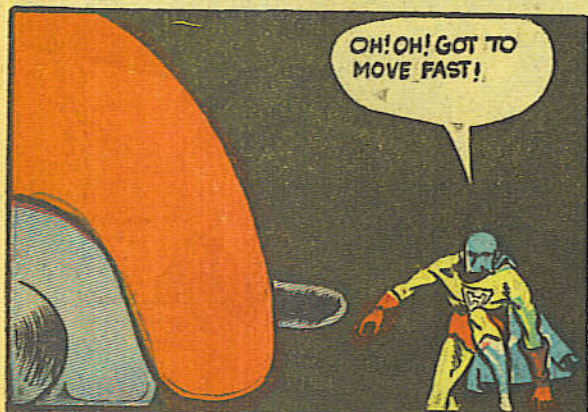
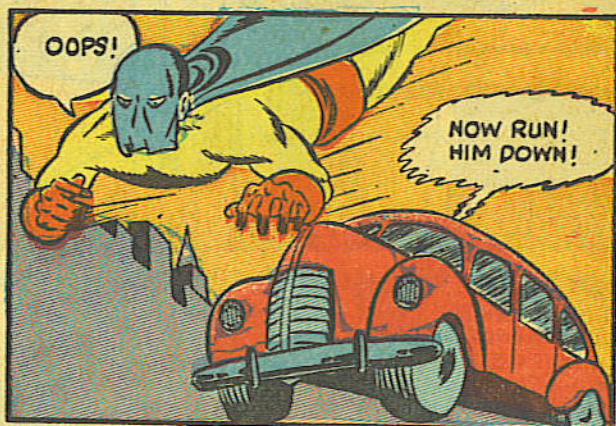
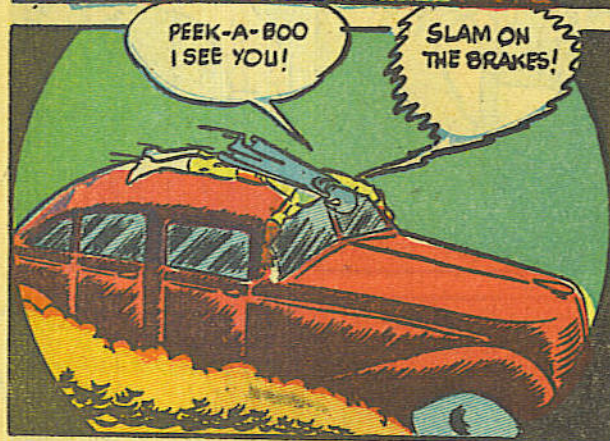
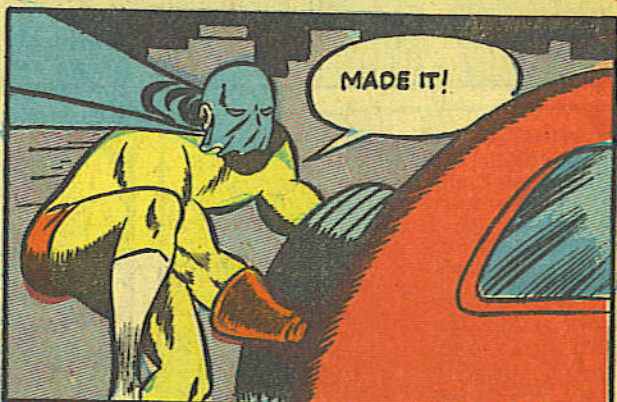
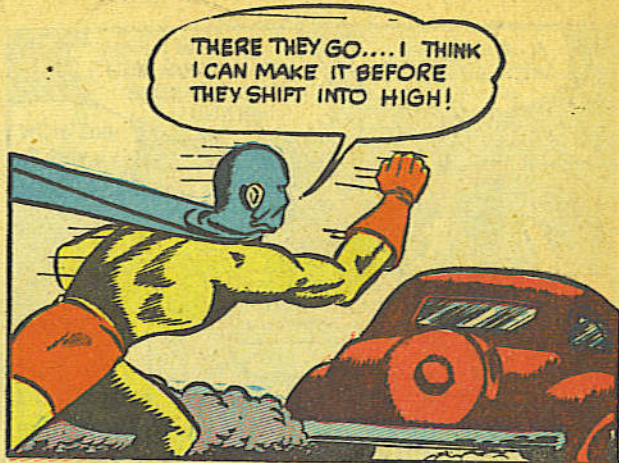


OUR CIVILIZATION OF THE EAST IS FAR BEYOND YOUR UNDERSTANDING. IN INDIA WHERE I WAS BEHEADED I WAS GIVEN LIFE BY A GREAT MYSTIC! BUT ENOUGH OF THIS. WITH MY GREAT WILL POWER I WILL RULE THE WORLD! LITTLE BY LITTLE I WILL CONTROL ALL THE GREAT MINDS! OF THE WORLD AND THUS THE EARTH ITSELF!



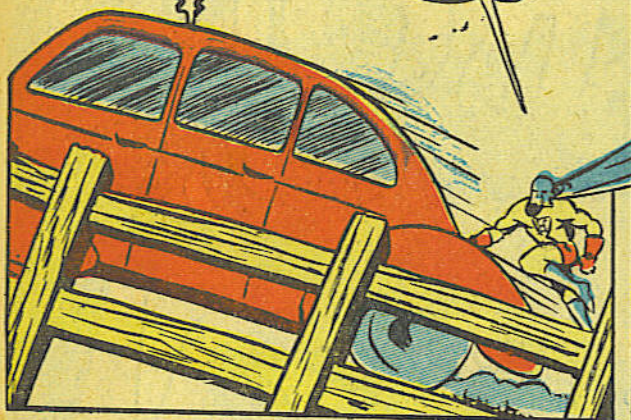
DAYS LATER....



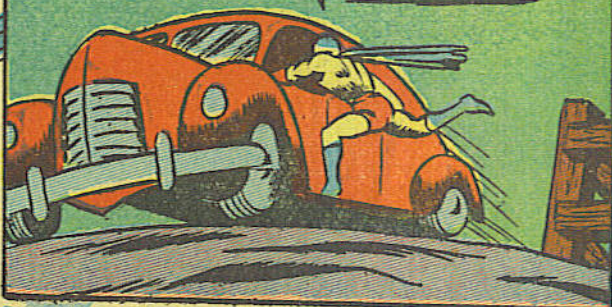


HE'S ALIVE!
DON'T STOP!!

HEADS UP
BOYS, HERE
I COME!



STOP THE CAR
SAILOR BOY, STOP
IT! NO? WELL SEE
HOW FAR YOU CAN
GO WITHOUT THE
IGNITION KEYS!

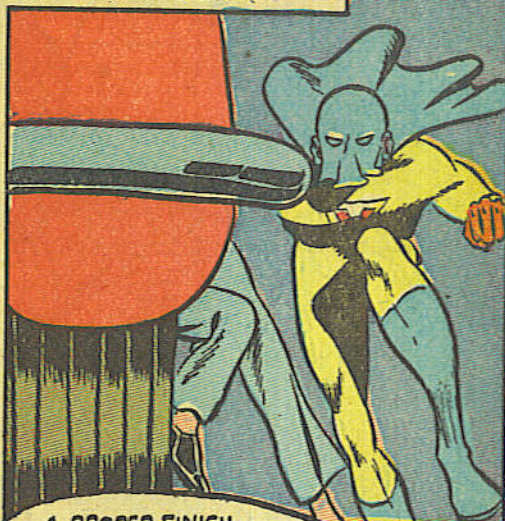


LOOK OUT! WE'RE
HEADING TOWARDS
THE EDGE OF THE
CLIFF!

C'MON SAILOR!
WE'RE GETTING OUT!
SO LONG MY FREAK-
ISH FIEND!



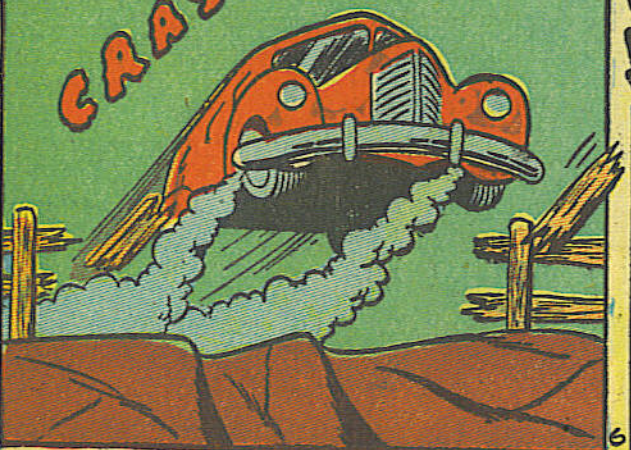
THE HOOD LEAPS WITH THE
HYPNOTIZED GOB...



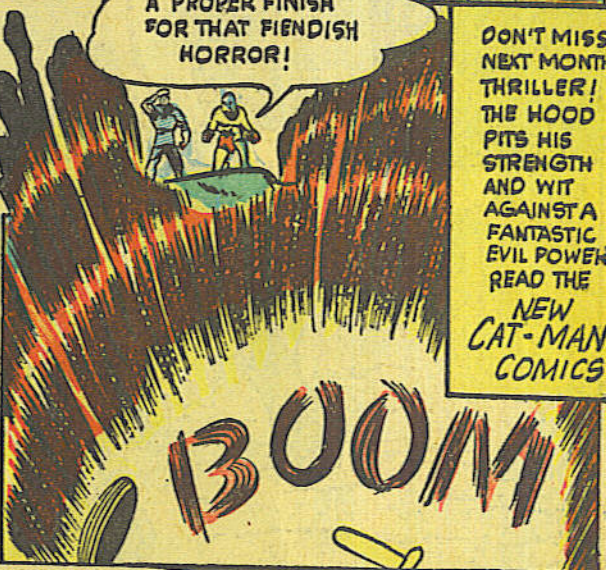
A PROPER FINISH
FOR THAT FIENDISH
HORROR!

AND THEN....

CRASH!



A PROPER FINISH
FOR THAT FIENDISH
HORROR!



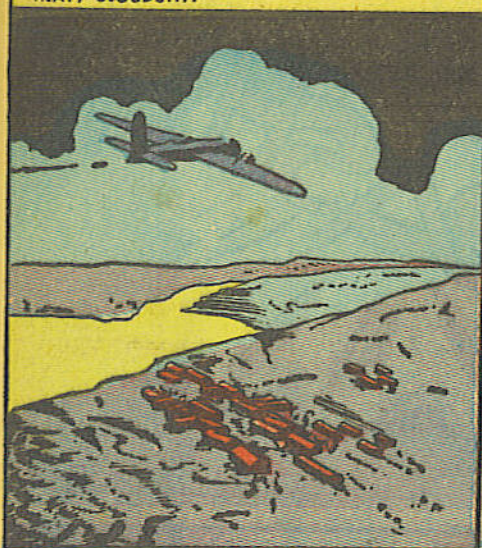
DON'T MISS
NEXT MONTH'S
THRILLER!
THE HOOD
PITS HIS
STRENGTH
AND WIT
AGAINST A
FANTASTIC
EVIL POWER!
READ THE
NEW
CAT-MAN
COMICS

BOOM!

BLACKOUT



HIGH OVER NAZI OCCUPIED FRANCE, A HUGE BRITISH BOMBER ROARS THRU THE THICK HEAVY CLOUDS....



SUDDENLY MANY LIGHTS STAB THRU THE BLACKNESS AS NAZI GROUND FORCES PICK OUT THE BOMBER ...



WE'RE OVER THE TARGET. LET 'EM GO!!!

RIGHT!!



BOMB AFTER BOMB SCREAMS EARTHWARD WITH TRUE ACCURACY AS AN IMPORTANT RAIL CENTER IS BLASTED TO ETERNITY....



HIT THAT BLASTED SWINE!! SHOOT HIM DOWN! YOU CLUMSY OX!

YES! HERR MAJOR!



SUDDENLY....

WE'RE HIT!!!

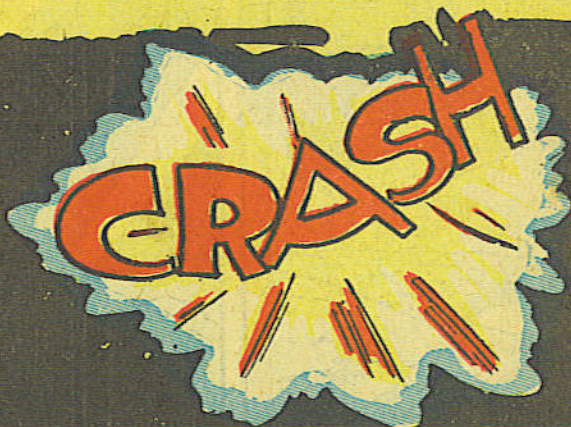


CREW PREPARE
FOR CRASH
LANDING!!



WITH TREMENDOUS FORCE, THE DAMAGED BOMBER COMES
CRASHING TO THE EARTH....

CRASH



FOUR OF OUR
CREW WE'RE
KILLED, SIR!!!

QUICK, GET AWAY
FROM HERE! IT
MAY EXPLODE ANY
MINUTE!!!



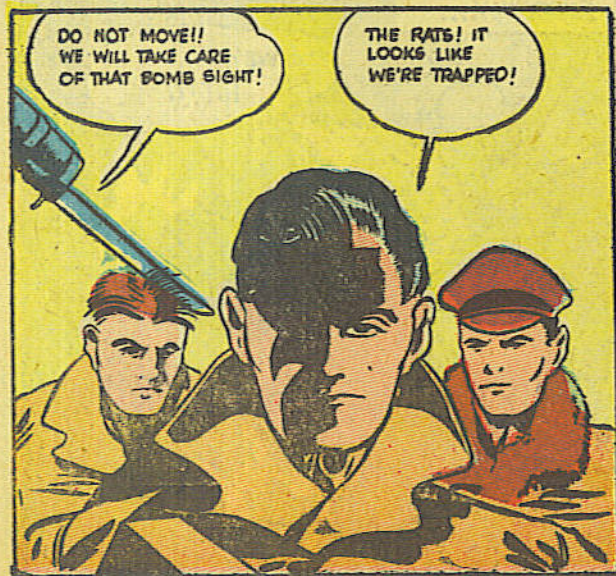
HALT!!!

**NAZIS!!
DESTROY THAT
BOMB SIGHT!!**



DO NOT MOVE!!
WE WILL TAKE CARE
OF THAT BOMB SIGHT!

THE RATS! IT
LOOKS LIKE
WE'RE TRAPPED!



WE WERE FOOLISH FOR TAKING THAT BOMB
SIGHT FROM THE PLANE! WE SHOULD HAVE
LET IT BURN!!!



JA! THAT WAS VERY FOOLISH! NOW AT LAST VE HAF THE FAMOUS AMERICAN INVENTION!!



YOU'LL NEVER KEEP THAT BOMB SIGHT! I'LL FIGURE SOME WAY TO DESTROY IT!!



HA! BIG TALK MY FRIEND! BUT WE SHALL SEE!

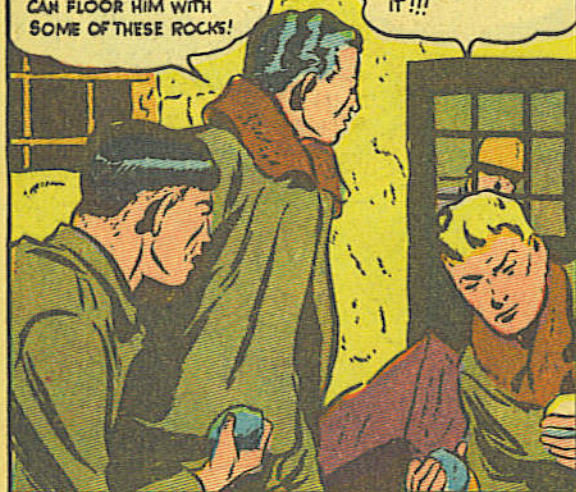
AN HOUR LATER THE THREE AMERICAN CAPTAINS ARE LOCKED IN A CELL...

WELL NOW WE ARE LICKED! WE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THIS MESS!! NOW WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN!

YEAH! WE'LL PROBABLY BE HERE UNTIL THE WAR IS OVER!



HEY! LOOK HERE COMES A GUARD! MAYBE WE CAN FLOOR HIM WITH SOME OF THESE ROCKS!



YEAH! WE CAN AT LEAST TRY IT!!!

NO YOU DON'T! PUT DOWN THOSE ROCKS! I HAVE A BIG SURPRISE FOR YOU! DON'T MOVE OR THIS GUN MAY GO OFF!!!



THEN A STRANGE THING HAPPENS. THE NAZI SHEDS HIS CLOTHING, AND IN HIS PLACE IS THE MIGHTY BLACKOUT!!

SORRY, I HAD TO SCARE YOU FELLOWS, BUT I DIDN'T WANT ANY TROUBLE!!!

HOLY SMOKE! I HEARD A LOT ABOUT YOU! YOUR
BLACKOUT!!



THATS RIGHT! I GOT WORD THAT YOU FELLOWS WERE HERE AND NOW I'M GOING TO GET YOU OUT! HERE IS A MAP OF THIS BUILDING. IT MAY HELP US !!

WOW! I FEEL BETTER ALREADY!!!



THERE ARE PLENTY OF UNDERGROUND PASSAGES HERE WE'LL HAVE TO FIGURE OUR ESCAPE THRU THESE PASSAGES.

YEAH, AND DON'T FORGET WE GOT TO GET BACK THAT BOMB SIGHT!!

HERES OUR CHANCE NOW, MAJOR STRECK IS COMING TO MAKE YOU BOYS EXPLAIN THE PRINCIPALS OF THAT BOMB SIGHT. GET READY!!

NOW YOU AMERICANS!! WE VOT! IT'S DER BLACKOUT!! HOW!!

HERE'S HOW WE'RE TAKING THAT SIGHT WITH US MAJOR!!

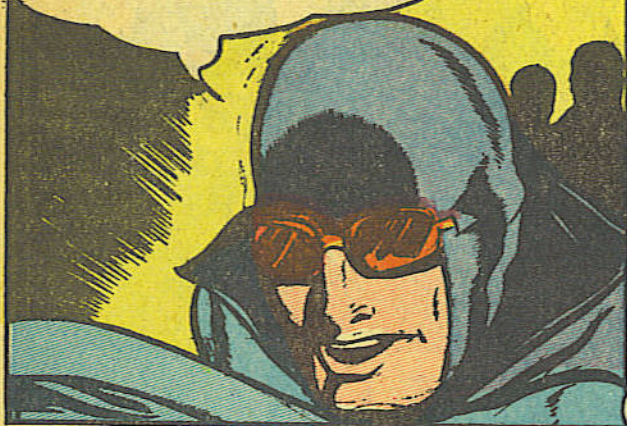
BOY THIS IS MORE FUN THAN DROPPING EGGS!

HELP!

AND NOW MAJOR, I'M RINGING DOWN THE CURTAIN ON YOU!! SO LONG!

COME ON! BEFORE MORE OF THOSE RATS SHOW UP AGAIN!!

THERE'S AN OLD PASSAGE THAT WAS SEALED UP.... NOW LETS SEE.... AH! HERE IT IS... IT LEADS TO A SECRET ENTRANCE OUTSIDE OF THE WALL. THAT'S IT!!!



WE'LL HAVE TO BREAK THRU THAT WALL, GET BUSY AND TRY TO FIND SOMETHING WE CAN USE AS A TOOL!

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN WE GET OUT OF HERE? WE STILL HAVE TO CROSS THE CHANNEL!



WE'RE THROUGH! I HOPE THE NAZIS' HAVE FORGOTTEN ABOUT THIS PASSAGE. COME ON LET'S GO!!!

MEANWHILE MAJOR STRECK GIVES NEW ORDERS TO HIS MEN...

QUICK! GET TO THAT SEALED PASSAGE ENTRANCE! IT'S THE ONLY WAY THEY CAN ESCAPE FROM THESE TUNNELS!

IF EVERY THING GOES RIGHT, PIERRE AND SOME OF THE UNDERGROUND WORKERS WILL HELP US!



WAIT! FIRST I'LL DESTROY THIS BOMB SIGHT!!



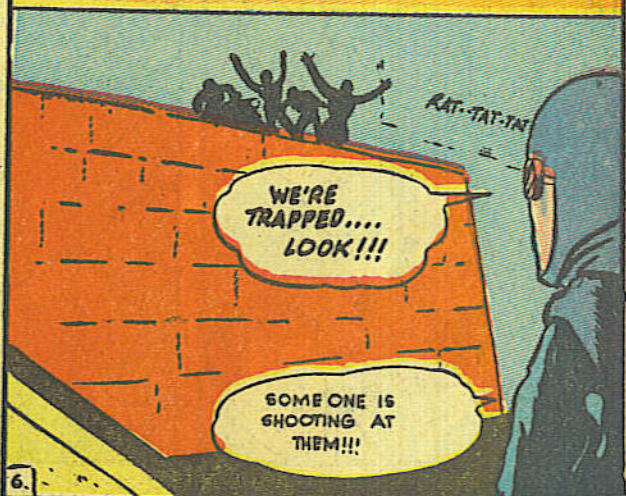
HA! I WAS RIGHT! THERE THEY ARE! NOW LET THEM HAVE IT AND DON'T MISS!!



BUT SUDDENLY THE NAZIS TOPPER FROM THE WALL...

WE'RE TRAPPED.... LOOK!!!

SOME ONE IS SHOOTING AT THEM!!!



OH! HERE YOU ARRIVED JUST IN TIME! GOOD WORK MY FRIEND!!

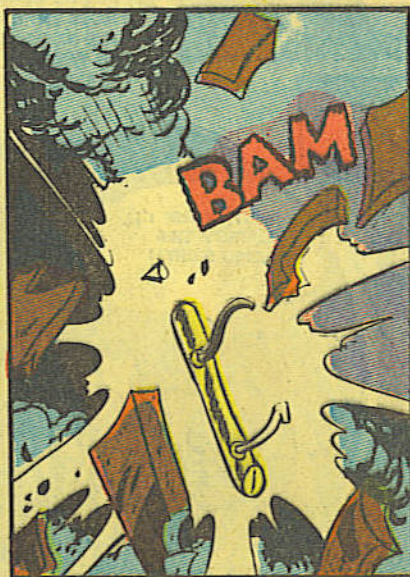
WE ARE ALWAYS READY TO KILL NAZIS! BUT NOW OUR MAIN JOB IS TO GET THESE AMERICANS OUT OF THE COUNTRY!

THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY. WE WILL BLOW UP THE AIRBASE AND WHILE THEY ARE FIGHTING THE FIRE, THEY CAN ESCAPE IN ONE OF THEIR PLANES!

GOOD WORK! WE WILL SET THE TIME AT EXACTLY ONE HOUR FROM NOW!



AND AT THE EXACT TIME TWO UNGEEN HANDS PRESS DOWN ON THE PLUNGER AND.....



IT WORKED! COME ON! THERE IS A PLANE THAT WAS NOT DESTROYED! LET'S GO!!!



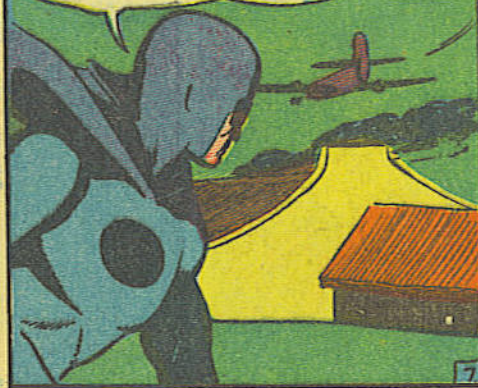
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU, BLACKOUT, AMERICA WILL HEAR OF YOUR HEROISM!!

NO TIME FOR THANKS! NOW YOU MUST HURRY!



AND SO A FEW SECONDS LATER THE THREE AMERICANS ROAR OFF THE FIELD BOUND FOR ENGLAND....

GOOD LUCK! FELLOWS! AND KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK!



*Another
THRILLING!!!*

"BLACKOUT"
adventure
Will Appear in the
NEXT
ISSUE of

**Cat-Man
-COMICS-**

DON'T MISS IT!!!!

TERROR in the TROPICS

ANNE JERDENE CALLED "THE FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE" OF THE TROPICS RELATES THIS TERRIFYING STORY WHICH HAPPENED IN AN OIL CAMP IN THE DEPTH OF THE COLOMBIAN JUNGLE OF SOUTH AMERICA....

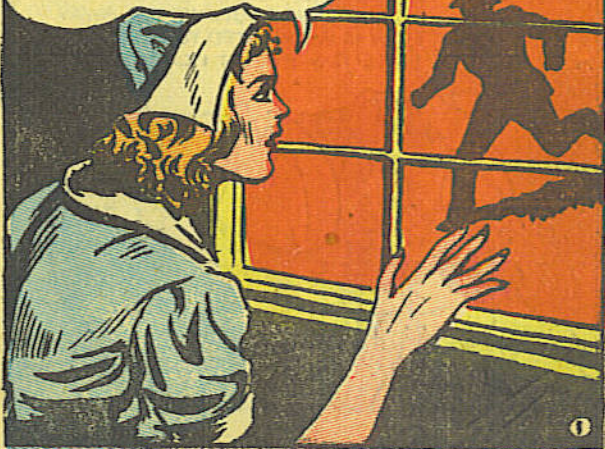


ANNE THE LONE NURSE AT THE JUNGLE OIL CAMP, WAS MAKING HER ROUNDS, DURING THE NIGHT IN THE "CLOSE TO NATURE" HOSPITAL WHEN SUDDENLY THE STILLNESS OUTSIDE WAS BROKEN BY GUN-SHOT FIRE....

GOOD HEAVENS!
WHAT'S HAPPENED?

HASTENING TO THE WINDOW SHE SAW A MAN
RUNNING TOWARD THE HOSPITAL...

IT'S A WHITE MAN. I'LL
OPEN THE DOOR!

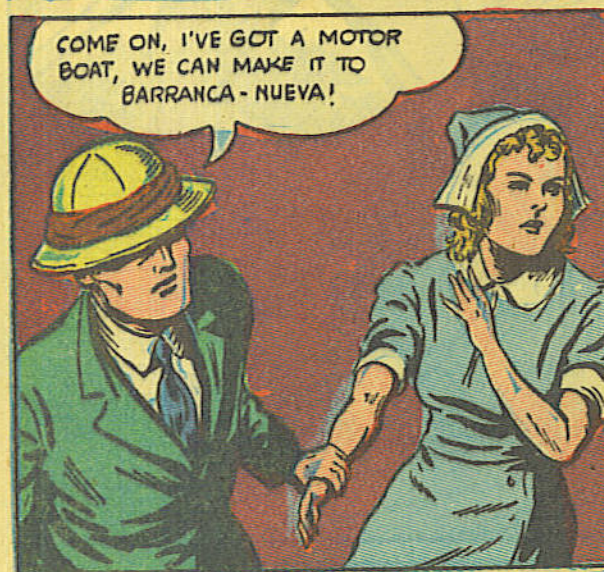




COME ON ANNE, GET OUT OF HERE, IN AN HOUR THIS PLACE WILL BE A ROARING FURNACE!



THE REVOLTOSOS ARE COMING! THEY WILL BLOW THIS CAMP TO BLAZES!

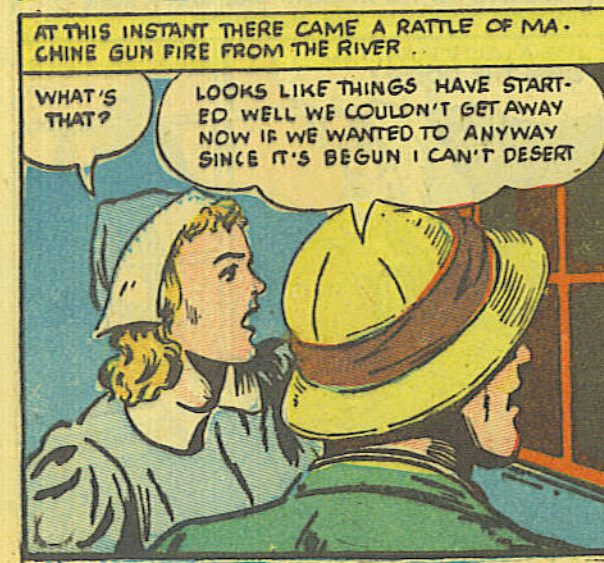


COME ON, I'VE GOT A MOTOR BOAT, WE CAN MAKE IT TO BARRANCA - NUEVA!



NO! BLACKIE, I CAN'T. I'VE GOT NEARLY A HUNDRED PATIENTS HERE. MOSTLY NATIVES, BUT TELL ME WHERE IS EVERYBODY?

THEY ARE POSTED AROUND THE CAMP, SOME ARE SEARCHING FOR THE STOLEN DYNAMITE AND THE GANG LEADER!



AT THIS INSTANT THERE CAME A RATTLE OF MACHINE GUN FIRE FROM THE RIVER.

WHAT'S THAT?

LOOKS LIKE THINGS HAVE STARTED WELL WE COULDN'T GET AWAY NOW IF WE WANTED TO ANYWAY SINCE IT'S BEGUN I CAN'T DESERT



AS BLACKIE RUSHED TO AID THE OTHERS, ANNE STEPPED OUTSIDE AND WALKED AROUND TO THE BACK KITCHEN DOOR....

HERE SHE WAS CONFRONTED BY ABOUT TWENTY HOWLING EXCITED NATIVE PATIENTS...

VAYANGE!
GET BACK TO
YOUR BEDS!



INSTEAD THEY BEGAN TO ADVANCE SLOWLY MENACINGLY UPON THE HELPLESS NURSE...

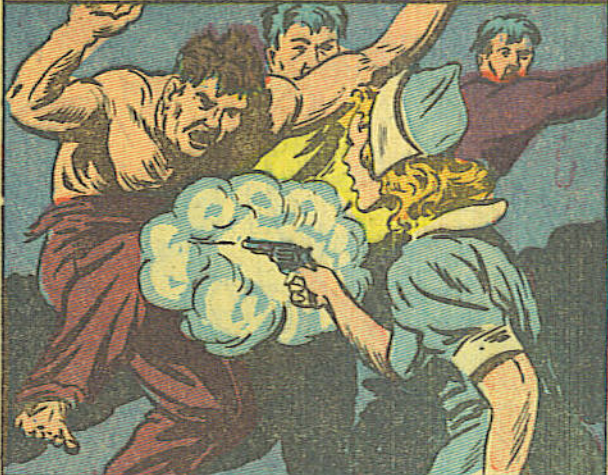


UNABLE TO STOP THEM, ANNE WAS ABOUT TO TURN AND RUN, WHEN A MALARIA PATIENT HANDED HER A GUN...

TAKE THIS, I'M TO
WEAK TO USE IT MY-
SELF. SHOOT ONE AND
THE REST WILL RUN
BACK TO THEIR WARD!

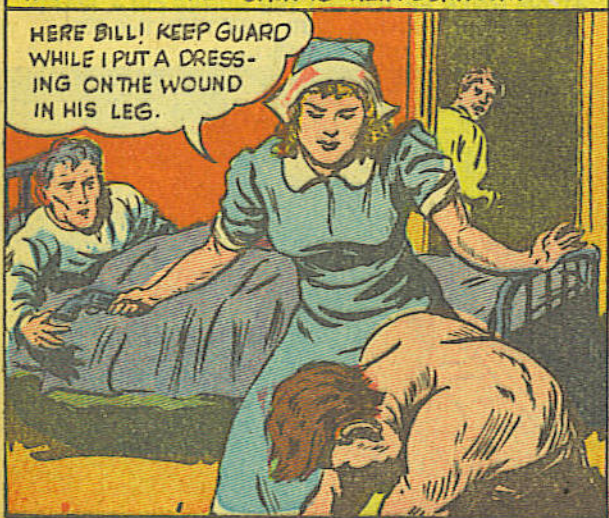


UNFAMILIAR WITH FIREARMS, SHE WAVES THE PISTOL AT THE NATIVES AND IT ACCIDENTALLY WENT OFF, THE BULLET HITTING THE LEADER...



THE REST RUSHED BACK TO THEIR BUNKS....

HERE BILL! KEEP GUARD
WHILE I PUT A DRESS-
ING ON THE WOUND
IN HIS LEG.



MEANWHILE THE PEONS WERE BRINGING IN THE WOUNDED AND DROPPING THEM ON THE FLOOR...

I WONDER WHAT'S BECOME
OF THE DOCTOR, IS HE
FIGHTING TOO?



LOOKING UP FROM HER WORK, SHE SAW BILL SHAKING AND THE PISTOL DROP FROM HIS HAND.

WHAT'S THE MATTER BILL? CHILLS? I'LL DASH OUT IN THE KITCHEN AND GET YOU A HOT CUP OF TEA.



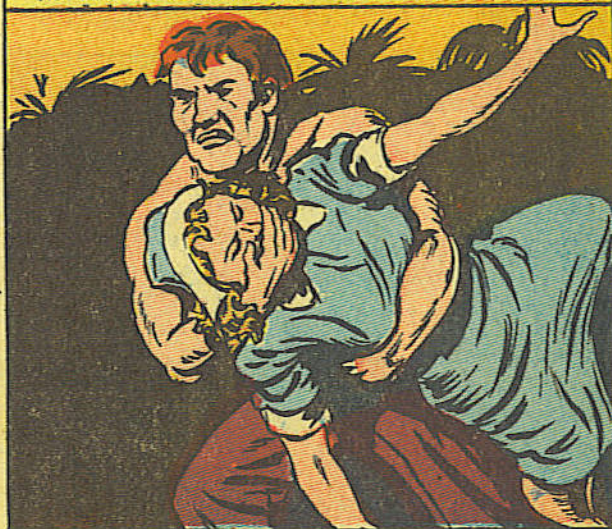
BUT AS ANNE TURNED ON THE LIGHT IN THE KITCHEN...



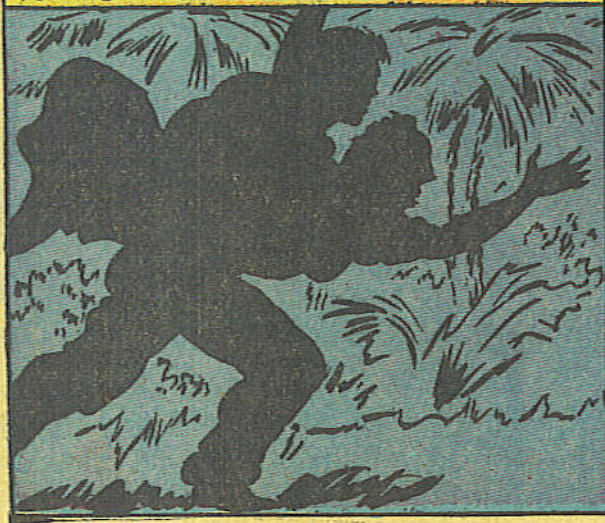
THE GIANT NATIVE WHOM SHE HAD SHOT IN THE LEGS SIEZED HER....



HE RACED TOWARD THE RIVER WITH HIS VICTIM.



KEEPING IN THE SHADOWS OF THE JUNGLE...



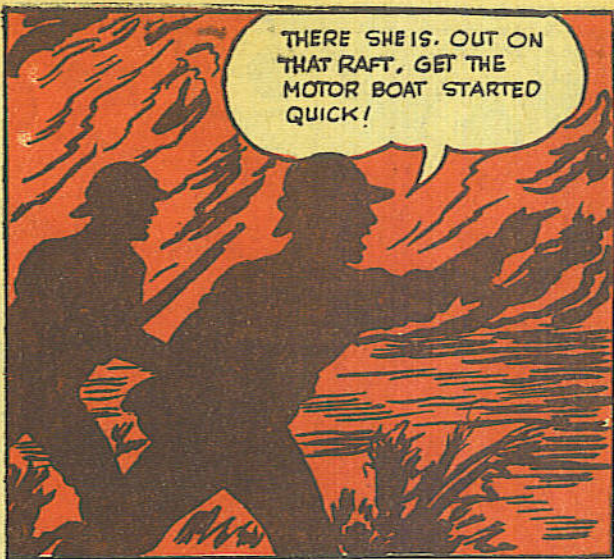
AT THE RIVER HE TOSSED THE NURSE ON A RAFT AND BEGAN PULLING OUT, JUST THEN THE REFINERY BURST INTO FLAME...



RECOVERING FROM HER TERROR, ANNE STOOD UP AND GAVE A LONG SHRILL SCREAM....



THERE SHE IS. OUT ON THAT RAFT. GET THE MOTOR BOAT STARTED QUICK!



IN ORDER TO MAKE HIS ESCAPE... THE NATIVE REALIZED HE MUST RID HIMSELF OF HIS BURDEN, WHEN SUDDENLY THE RAFT STRUCK A SAND BAR.

YOU NO USE TO ME NOW I LEAVE YOU ON THIS SAND BAR.



YOU BE FOOD FOR ALLIGATORS, THEY COME ON THIS SANBAR IN THE MORNING.

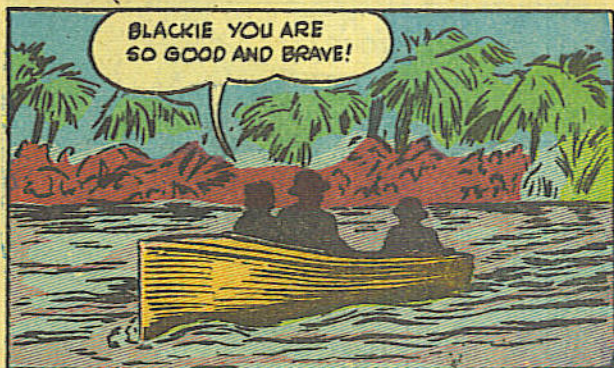


ANNE! ANNE! WHERE ARE YOU?

HERE BLACKIE!



BLACKIE YOU ARE SO GOOD AND BRAVE!



THUS BLACKIE RESCUED ANNE FROM A HORRIBLE FATE, THE TWO BECAME SWEETHEARTS AND LATER WE'RE MARRIED...

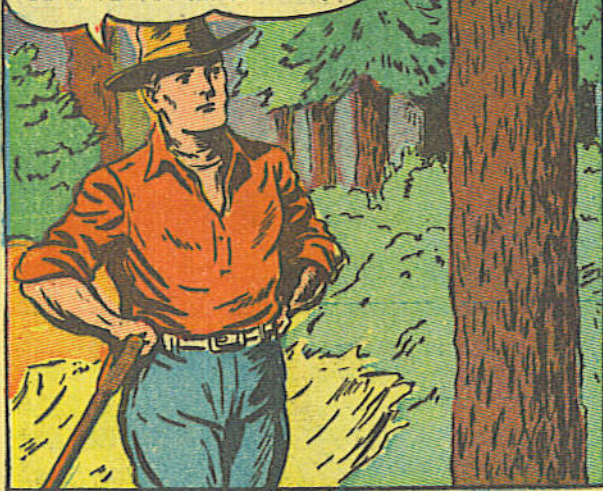
DONT MISS!
THE NEXT GREAT PERSONAL ADVENTURE
SECTION IN **CAT-MAN Comics!**

A BEAR FIGHT



ARTHUR BROWN, AN ARCHAEOLOGIST, WAS ON A ONE-MAN EXPEDITION IN THE WILDS OF MANITOBA, SEARCHING FOR TRACES OF A VANISHED RACE, WHICH HE BELIEVED EXISTED AROUND THERE SOME TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS AGO -- WHILE EXCAVATING ABOUT EIGHT MILES FROM HIS LONELY CABIN AT LAKE WANIPAGOW, HE HAD THIS TRUE AND TERRIBLE ENCOUNTER WITH DEATH!

THAT TALL PINE IS IN THE WAY, I'LL HAVE TO REMOVE IT!



I HOPE I HAVE SOME LUCK AND FIND SOMETHING!





DRAT THE LUCK, BROKE MY LEG-- NOW I'M
IN A FINE FIX, HOW'LL I EVER GET BACK TO
THE CABIN--I CAN'T MOVE!



USING THE LINING OF HIS MACKINAW, HE
MADE A SPLINT FOR HIS LEG!



THIS PAIN IS AWFUL,
BUT I'LL HAVE TO
CRAWL FOR MY
LIFE-- I'VE GOT
EIGHT MILES
TO GO!

FOR DAYS, HIS FOOD WAS BERRIES, AND HIS WATER,
THE MOISTURE ON THE LEAVES --



MAC IS DUE AT THE CABIN IN TWO WEEKS
WITH THE SUPPLY PLANE-- IF I CAN
MAKE IT, I'LL HAVE A CHANCE!

IN AGONIZING PAIN, HALF STARVED AND PARCHED
WITH THIRST, HE HITCHED ALONG --ON THE SIXTH
DAY, HE HAD ANOTHER SET-BACK --!



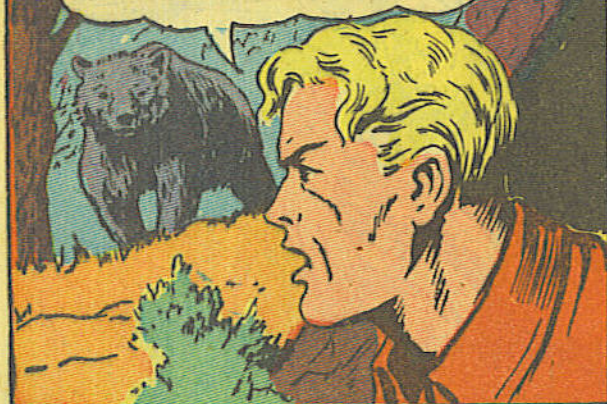
A HAIL STORM?
I MUST FIND
SOME SHELTER!



OHO! A BEAR!
SCAT! GET OUT!
I NEED THIS CAVE
MORE THAN
YOU!

NEXT MORNING, WHEN HE CRAWLED OUT OF THE CAVE, HE FOUND OLD BRUIN--- WAITING!

YOU STILL HERE! I GUESS YOU'LL STICK AROUND UNTIL I PASS OUT, THEN GRAB YOURSELF A GOOD FEED!



AS THE DAYS DRAGGED ON, ARTHUR BECAME WEAKER, BUT HE FORCED HIMSELF FORWARD, THE BEAR FOLLOWING CLOSE BEHIND--!

WELL, YOU MUTT, YOU'LL BE DISAPPOINTED, I'LL MAKE THAT CABIN YET!

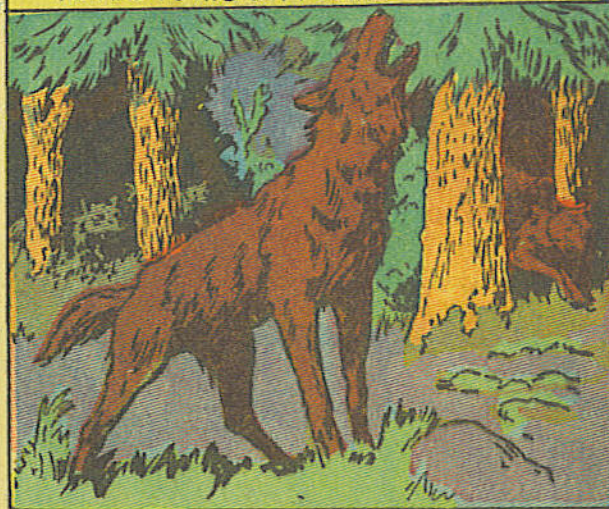


HIS LEG WAS DRIVING HIM ALMOST INSANE, HIS ARMS WERE PLAYED OUT, AND HIS HUNGER AND THIRST WAS ALMOST UNBEARABLE--!

GUESS I'M DONE FOR, I'LL NEVER REACH THE SHACK, AND WHEN I DIE, THAT DEVIL OF A BEAR WILL CLAW ME TO SHREDS!



ON THE TENTH DAY, ANOTHER MENACE APPEARED TO ADD TO HIS SUFFERING--



WOLVES! I GUESS MY GOOSE IS COOKED FOR SURE NOW!



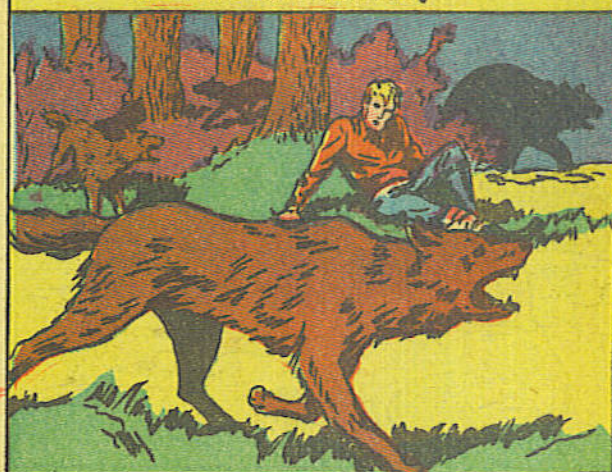
ALTHOUGH HE TRIED TO FIGHT OFF UNCONSCIOUSNESS, HE FINALLY LAPSED INTO A STUPOR!



When HE CAME TO, HE WAS SURPRISED TO FIND HIMSELF ALIVE AND UNHARMED!



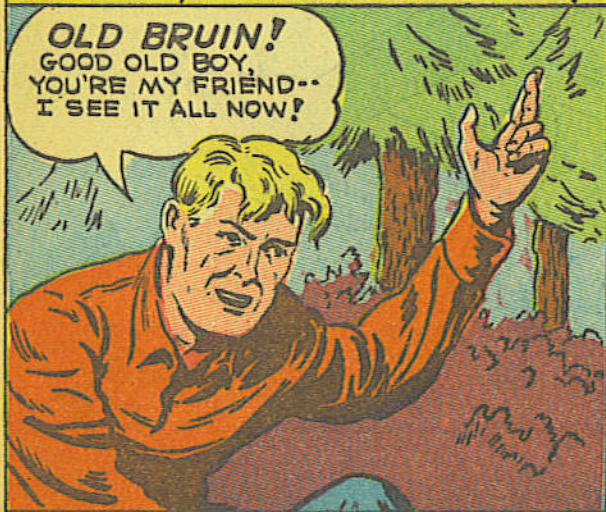
THE WOLVES WERE CIRCLING ROUND AND ROUND. SUDDENLY, BROWN DISCOVERED THE REASON THEY DID NOT ATTACK!



THE BLACK BEAR WAS PROTECTING HIM---



ON THE SIGHT, BROWN WAS FILLED WITH JOY!



THAT NIGHT, THE BEAR FOUGHT OFF THE VICIOUS CANINES, WHILE ARTHUR WENT INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS PERIODICALLY!



IN THE MORNING, BROWN MUSTERED ALL HIS REMAINING STRENGTH FOR A LAST DESPERATE ATTEMPT--



THERE'S MAC'S PLANE NOW!

HELP! MAC!
OVER HERE!



WELL I'LL BE--WHAT
HAPPENED TO YOU,
ARTHUR?

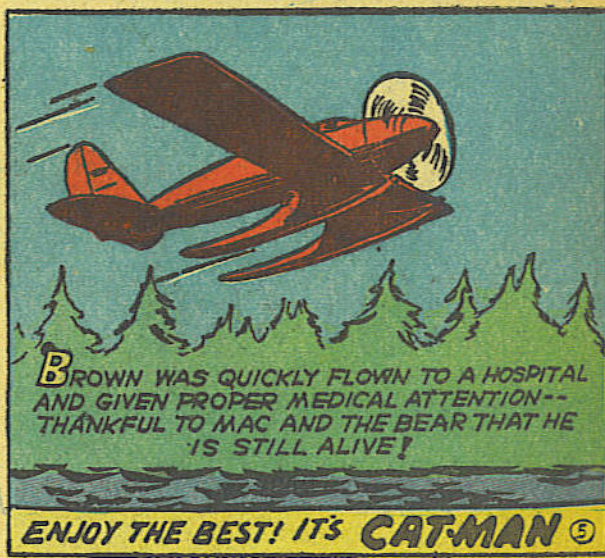


HERE, TAKE THIS!
IT WILL HELP
RELIEVE THE
PAIN--I'LL GET
YOU SOMETHING
TO EAT!



NOW TO GET YOU TO
THE NEAREST
HOSPITAL!

THANKS, MAC,
YOU DON'T KNOW
HOW GOOD IT
IS TO SEE
YOU!



BROWN WAS QUICKLY FLOWN TO A HOSPITAL
AND GIVEN PROPER MEDICAL ATTENTION--
THANKFUL TO MAC AND THE BEAR THAT HE
IS STILL ALIVE!

ENJOY THE BEST! IT'S CAT-MAN 5

The SECRET WEAPON You MUST Have!



BLITZED By LIGHTNING JU-JITSU!

YOU, TOO, CAN BE TOUGH! No matter how small you are you've grown to being bullied and kicked around—you can now, in *double-quick time*, become a "holy terror" in a hand-to-hand fight! And built just as you are—that's the beauty of it! Yes, even though you weigh no more than 100 pounds, a power-house lies concealed in that modest frame of yours, waiting to be sprung by the commando-like destruction of **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU**.

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